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1903

R. H. Wagoner,

Westerville,

Ohio,

June 1903.

A Development

Long ago when we were Freshies,
Come, you know the rest;
Then it was we learned to say
Good, better and the best.

In that year so much renowned,
The Junior's wrote a book;
Which bears the name of Sibyl,
When upon its page you look.

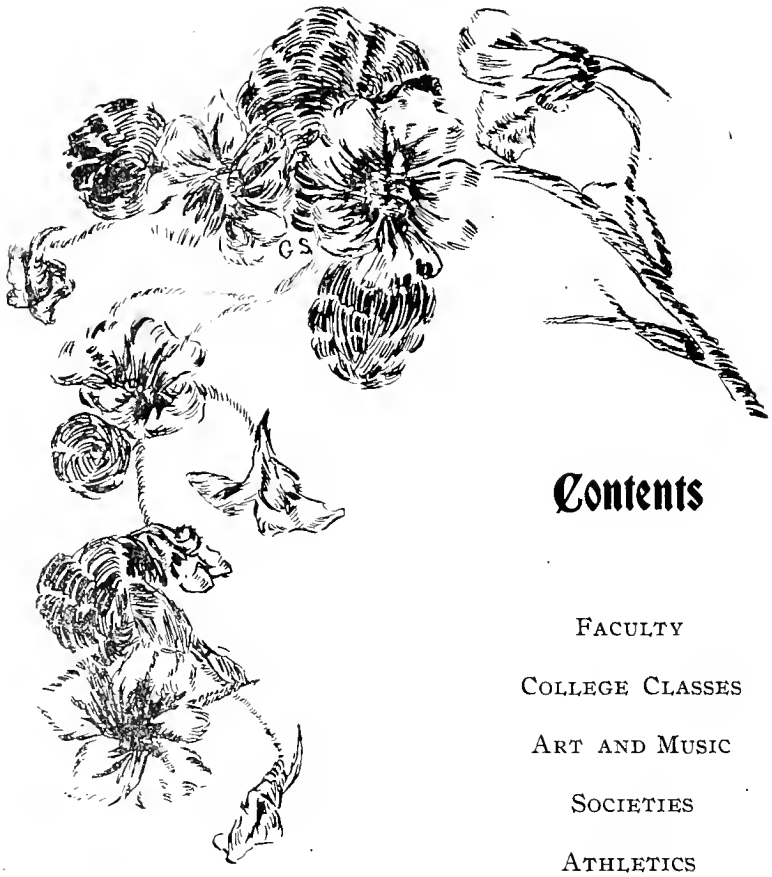
A very good annual we confess,
But '03, produced a better;
And it was an excellent work,
From its first, to its final letter.

But listen to me kind readers,
For without flash or roar,
We wish to bequeath to you,
The best annual, the work of '04.

Our greetings, we extend to you,
As we fade away from sight.
If we but meet with your approval,
We have gained our hearts delight.

SIBYL
published by the
JUNIOR CLASS
of
Otterbein University
1903

On account of his loyal devotion
to the College
and the sincere regard in which he is held
by the student body,
this book is dedicated to
THOMAS J. SANDERS



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MAIN COLLEGE BUILDING

United Brethren Church

A BRIEF SKETCH

The Church of the "United Brethren in Christ" dates its origin to the last quarter of the eighteenth century, under the leadership of Philip William Otterbein, Martin Boehm, and a number of like kindred spirits. The spiritual dearth that obtained throughout the Churches, both in Europe and America at this time, became a subject of alarm to Otterbein. The study of the Divine Word brought him into new religious experiences, and a higher consciousness of the living Christ in his own life. As a result, in his preaching and teaching he laid supreme stress upon the necessity of man being born anew, to admittance into the kingdom of Heaven. To afford wider opportunities to the laymen of his church, and to reach the unconverted, he established prayer-meetings, and conducted religious services in the country places. While engaged in this work of faith, William Otterbein met with Martin Boehm, a Mennonite preacher of like faith and experience, who became a co-laborer with Otterbein in Missionary work; and in 1776, they held their Memorable Meeting in Isaac Long's barn, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Many other Ministers, as well as laymen took part in this great meeting. For a number of years all parties engaged in this new Church work, acted under the general leadership of Otterbein and Boehm. Meetings of far reaching influence continued to be held in different sections of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland. These were great seasons of spiritual infilling, and the people and preachers flocked to them from a distance, to hear the word of life preached.

At this juncture, in 1789, the first formal Conference convened in the city of Baltimore, Maryland, for the purpose of definite organization, to more effectually preach and teach that union with Christ in heart and life, is essential to religious growth; what was to become the future work of the United Brethren in Christ. The organization consisted of fourteen Ministers, seven of whom were present. Of the fourteen, nine were of Reform antecedents, two Mennonites and one Moravian. The

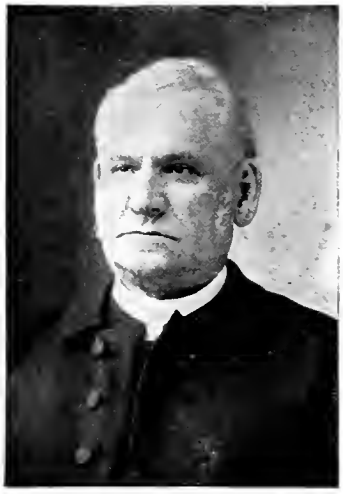
names of these fourteen are as follows: Philip William Otterbein, Martin Boehm, Henry Weidner, George A. Gueating, Christian Newcomer, Adam Lehman, and John Ernst. These were present. Those absent were: Benedict Schwope, Henry Baker, Simon Herre, Frederick Shaffer, Martin Crider, Christopher Grosch and Abraham Draksel. These were all Germans and their work was wholly among German people. The statement is frequently made, that it was not the intention of these brethren to break away from their Church relations and form a new organization, yet they took action of a two-fold nature, namely, the adoption of a definite Confession of faith and a series of rules for their future government. The instrument thus created and adopted by this first formal Conference, consists of five articles and constitutes the central germ out of which our present Confession of faith is developed. It is, though brief, yet broad, liberal and comprehensive. The rules of discipline for governing this first organization, which were adopted in this initial Conference of 1789, exhibit the same spirit manifest in the Confession of faith, and Rev. Spayth says, "the Confession of faith and Disciplinary Rules, governed the church from 1789 to 1815 — at the time of the meeting of the first General Conference." For a copy of this Confession and Disciplinary Rules: — See: Disciplines of the United Brethren in Christ, 1814-1841 by Prof. A. W. Drury, D. D. The second formal Conference was held in York County, Pennsylvania, at the home of John Spangler, in 1791. At this session the number of ministers had increased to twenty-two. The next Conference convened, September the 25th, 1800, at the home of Peter Kemp, near Frederick, Maryland. This was an important Conference; here the name "United Brethren in Christ," was formally adopted, and William Otterbein and Martin Boehm, elected Bishops.

This was the first formal election of Bishops in the history of the Denomination. From 1800 to 1815 was a period of migration in United Brethren history. A strong emigration from the East to Ohio, and the West, set in; but these emigrants carried the Christ life with them, to their new homes, and their number so multiplied that in 1810 a new Conference was formed west of the Alleghenies, known as the Miami, from which in 1818, and the years following, the Muskingum, Scioto, Indiana, and other Conferences were formed. On June the 6th, 1815, near Mount Pleasant, Pennsylvania, in a log school house the first General Conference convened. Four States were represented by fourteen ministers, in this first General Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in

Christ. Here a Confession of Faith was adopted and a book of Discipline, containing rules for the government of the Church. The Ministry of the Church, especially west of the Alleghenies, came in contact with the English speaking peoples in those sections, who proved themselves to be vigorous supporters of the Church. As a result, the Conferences to the West soon became English, and the growth became more rapid, as the field grew wider. The same effect followed in the East, perhaps not quite so rapidly, until, while in 1820 the Ministry of Church numbered only about one hundred and fourteen and the laity ten thousand, in 1845 it had grown to five hundred and eighty-one ministers and about thirty-six thousand lay-members. In 1837 the General Conference adopted the first Constitution, which was short lived; but in 1841 the General Conference adopted a second Constitution and Confession of faith, which served as the basis of its legislation and Creed up till 1898. The intervening period from 1820 to 1889, was marked by rapid growth. The Publishing House had its beginning in 1834, and the first issue of the Religious Telescope appeared in that year. In 1845 the first steps in our Educational history were taken, and in 1847, the first College, Otterbein University, was opened. In 1853 the Missionary Society was organized, and one year later the first Missionaries were appointed. The Woman's Missionary Association was organized in 1875, and its work has been phenomenal for good. In 1820 our first Sabbath School was organized, and the growth in this most vital department of our Church, has so developed that in our Sunday Schools at present, the membership is 260,333. The Young People's Christian Union was organized in 1890, and in 1902 it had a membership of 63,846.

While the growth of the United Brethren Church has not been as rapid as some Sister Churches, it has not been as slow as others. It now has a membership of at least 250,000 — with its Schools established and well nigh out of debt, together with all its other needed equipments to push forward the Kingdom of God. In the pioneer work of the Church, the names of Otterbein, Boehm, Newcomer, Gueating, Zeller, Spayth, the Kumbers, the Davises, Glossbrenner, Edwards, and many other great and good men, were prominent factors. May their sons and daughters, in the Lord, continue as valiant for the truth, as their Fathers were.

E. B. KEPHART.



E. B. Kephart

SIBYL BOARD

Sibyl Board

1. C. M. Good—Treasurer and Assistant Subscription Agent
2. Grace Lloyd—Local Editor
3. L. A. Weinland—Associate and Athletic Editor
4. U. B. Brubaker—Business Manager
5. Lorin Ulrich—President of Board
6. Edna Moore—Secretary
7. Georgiana Scott—Art Editor
8. Josephine Markley—Society Editor
9. Mabel Moore—Association Editor
10. C. M. Bookman—Editor-in-Chief
11. Alice Keister—Faculty Editor
12. D. R. Wilson—Subscription Agent

Faculty

Eccentricities of the Profs.

Prof. Cornetet removes his hat when he is at church.

Prof. Wagoner laughs when he is amused.

Reliable authority says that Prof. McFadden sleeps with his eyes shut.

Prof. Zuck has been seen wearing his gloves on his hands.

Dr. Sanders drinks — both tea and coffee.

It is positively known that Miss Sherrick uses a knife and fork when she eats.

Prof. Miller wears both shoes and socks in the class-room.

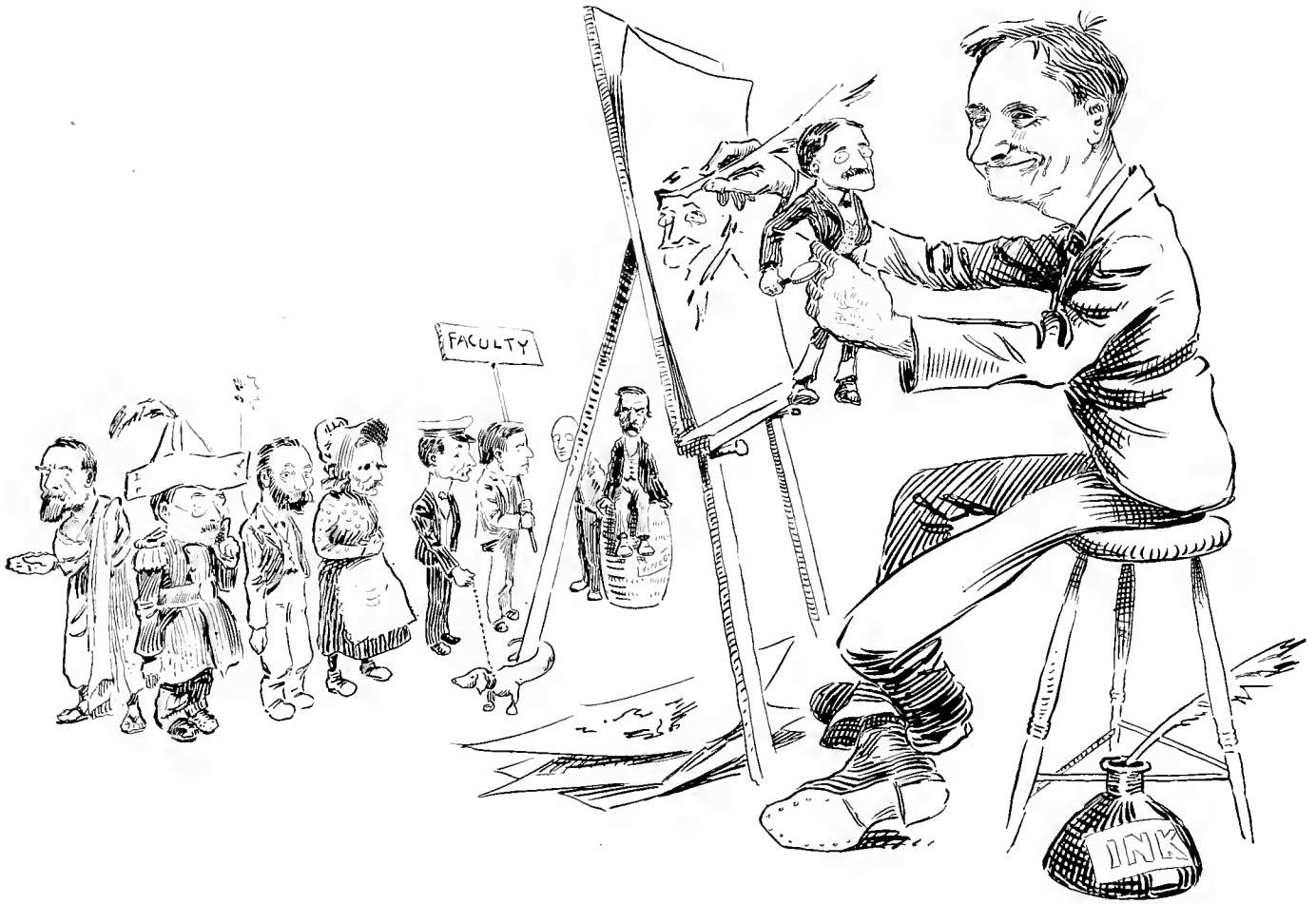
Prof. Snavely is very careful to daily comb his hair.

It is whispered about that President Scott washes his face before breakfast.

Prof. Meyer speaks German fluently.

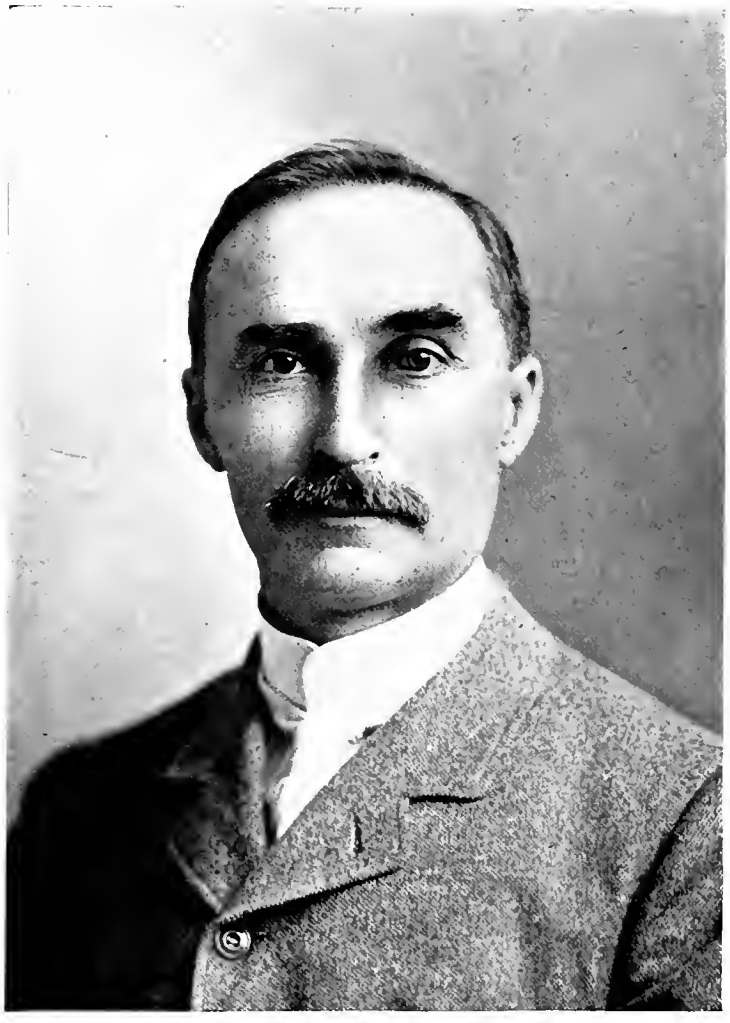
Dr. Whitney walks on his feet.

Mrs. Dr. Scott was actually caught painting — with a brush.



FACULTY WAITING THEIR TURN

E. J. Pace won the Cartoon Contest with this cartoon

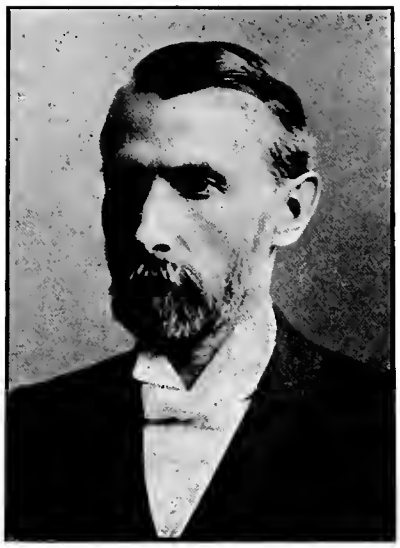


PRESIDENT GEORGE SCOTT
Professor of Latin

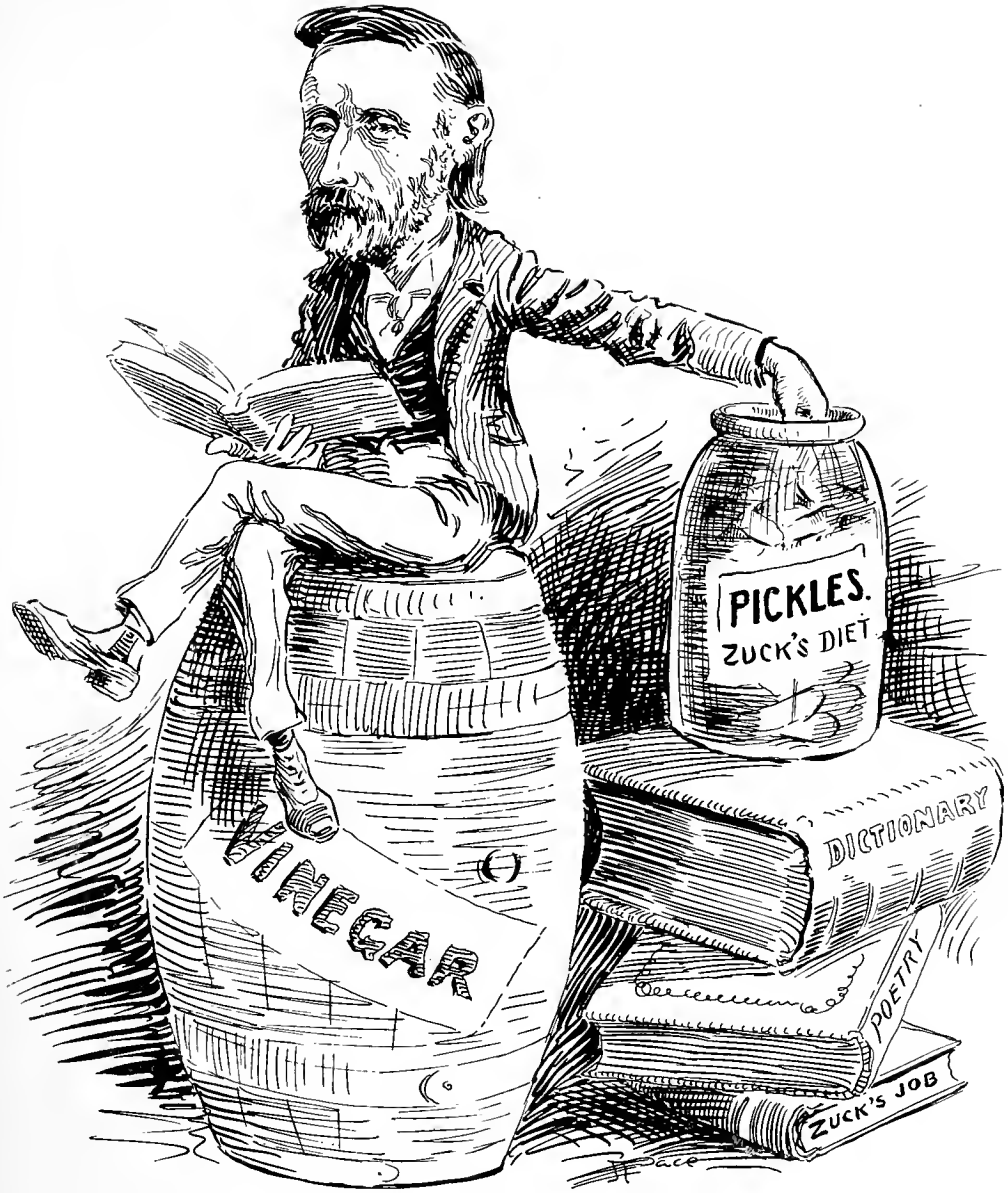
DR. SCOTT'S OWN
COHORT
OF LATIN
IGNORAMUSES!!
QU

SCIENCE BUILDING

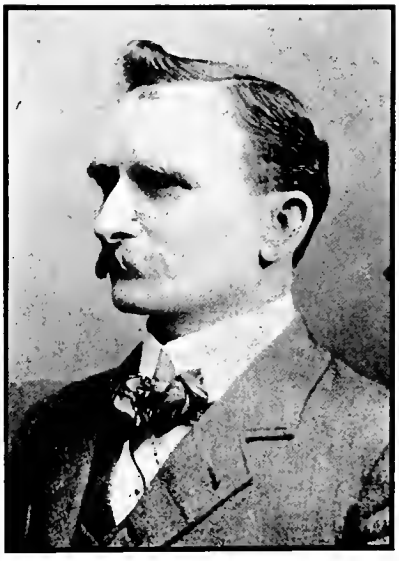
DR. SANDERS AMONG THE SHADES



WILLIAM J. ZUCK
Professor of English Language and Literature

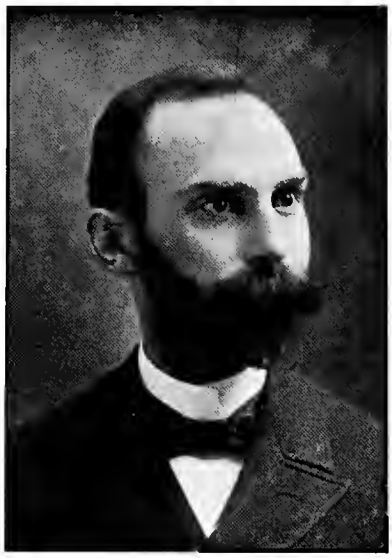


THE PROFESSOR IS NOT IN HIS CLASS ROOM

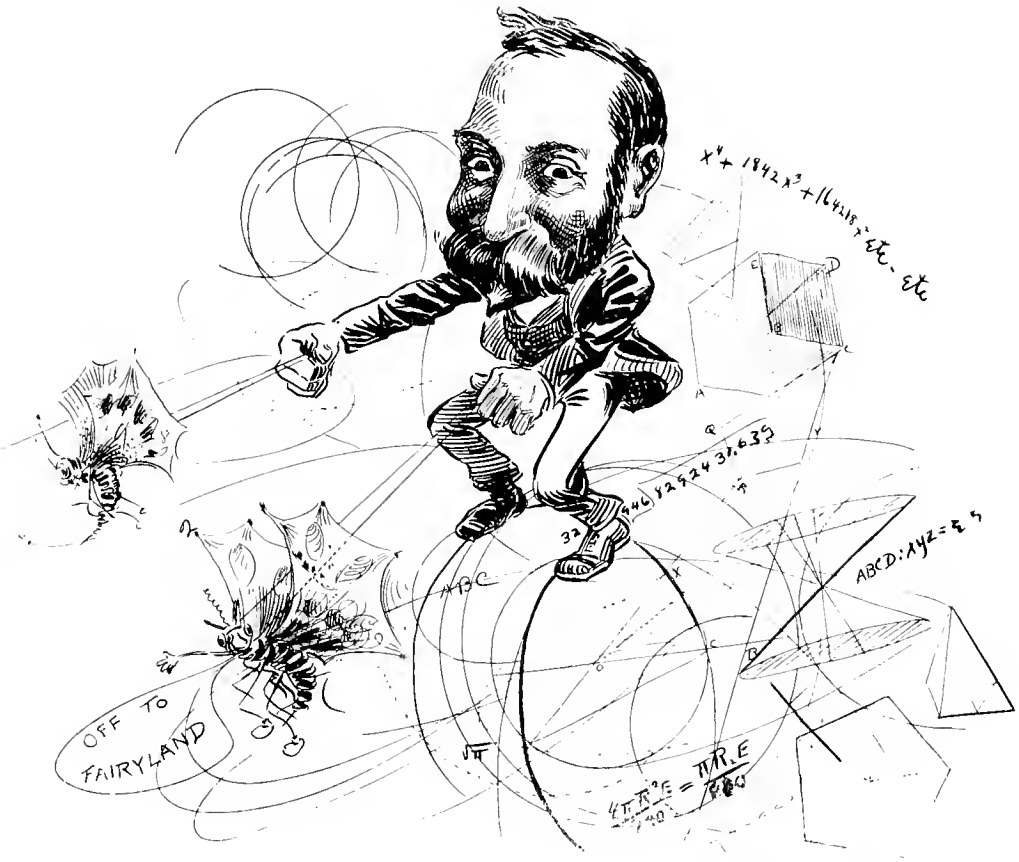


RUDOLPH H. WAGONER
Instructor in Mathematics and Latin

"THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE"



FRANK E. MILLER
Professor of Mathematics

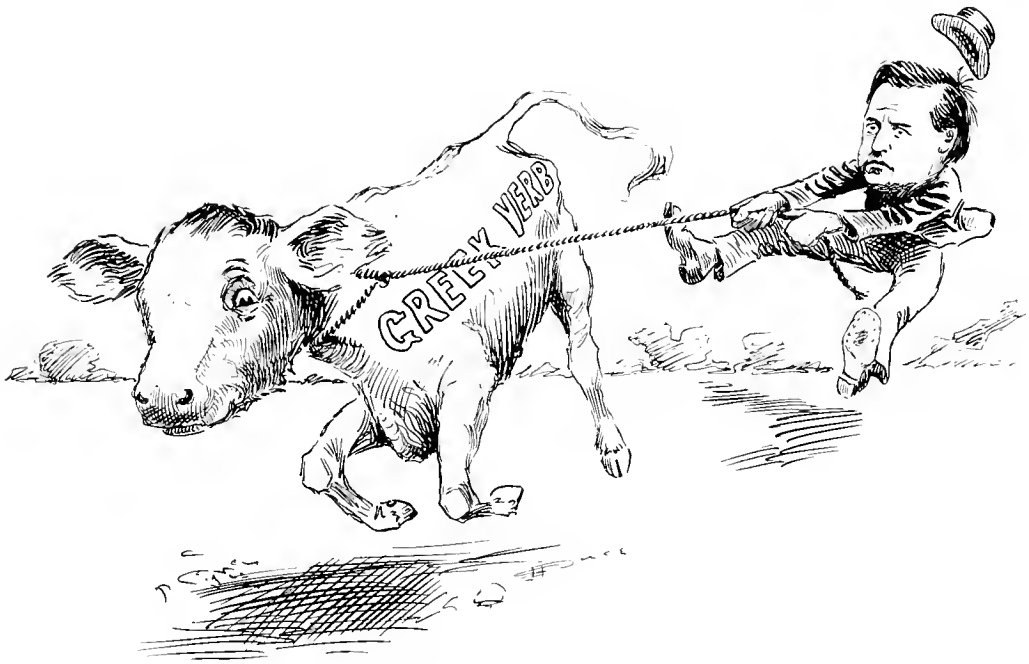


PROFESSOR MILLER IN HIS ELEMENT

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY
Professor of Biology and Geology

Microbe.—" THERE COMES THAT DR. WHITNEY, CALLING ME NAMES."

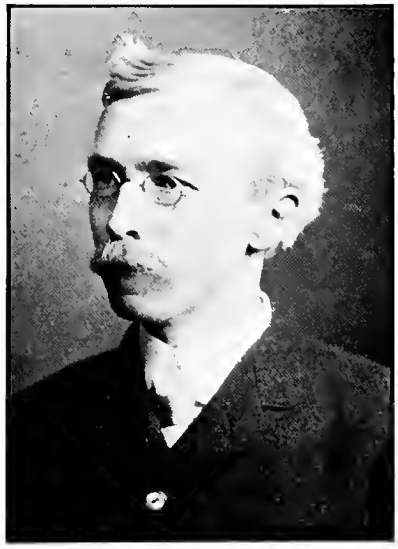
NOAH E. CORNETET
Professor of Greek



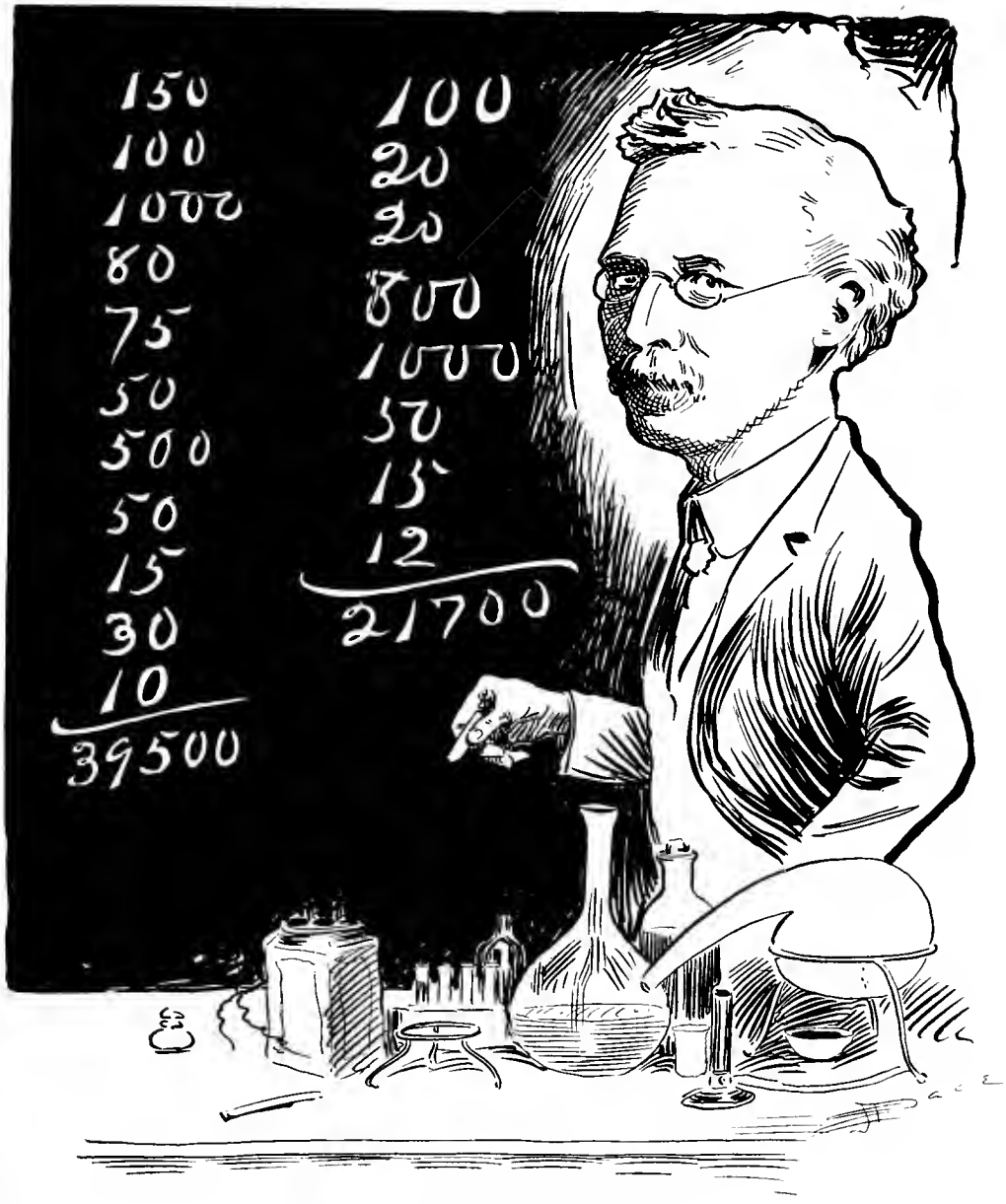
HE IS STILL LEARNING THE WAYS OF THE CRITTER

CHARLES SNAVELY
Professor of History and Economics

NO COMMENT NECESSARY

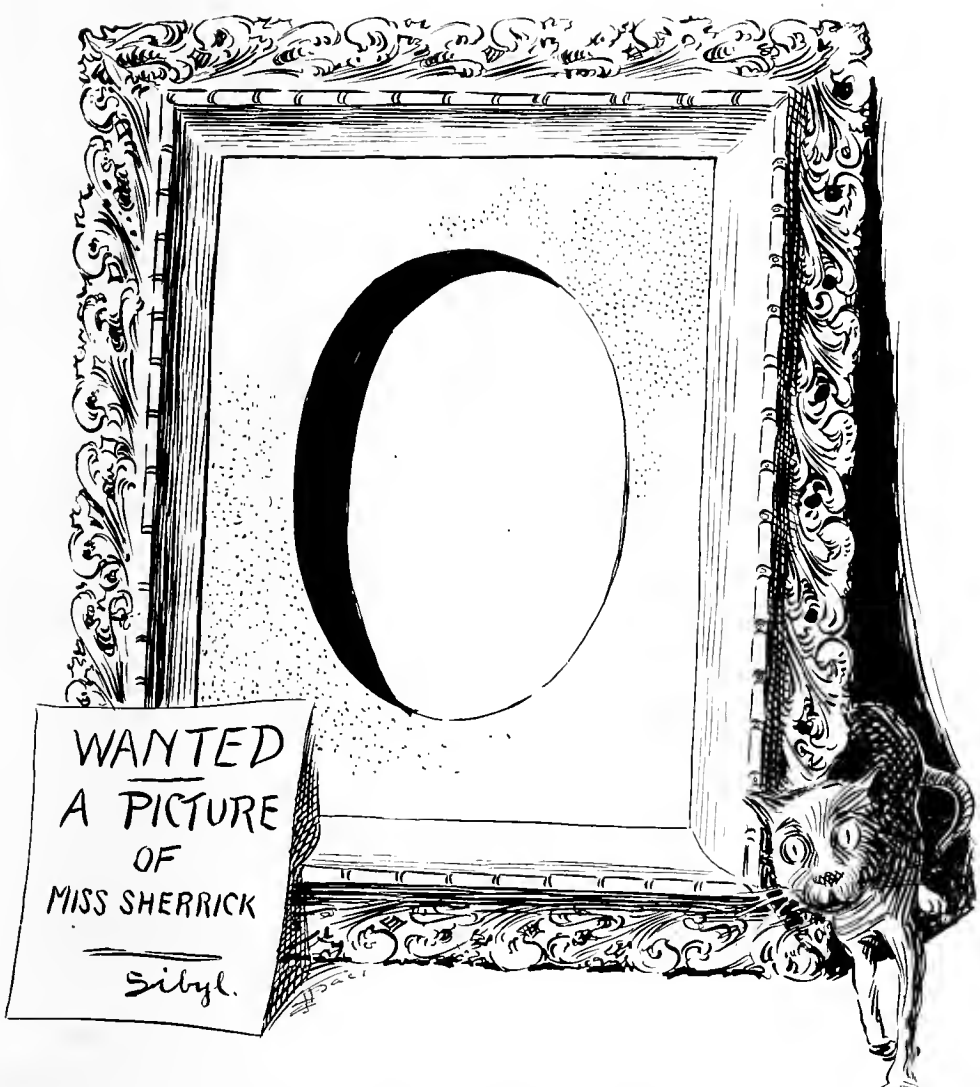


LOUIS H. McFADDEN
Professor of Physics and Chemistry



WANTED, A LIGHTNING CALCULATOR

ASSOCIATION BUILDING



AFTER SO MUCH TROUBLE IN GETTING A FRAME, THE FRENCH PROFESSOR WOULD NOT FURNISH A PICTURE

ALMA GUITNER
Instructor of German

ALL SMILES.

GUSTAV MEYER
Conservatory Director

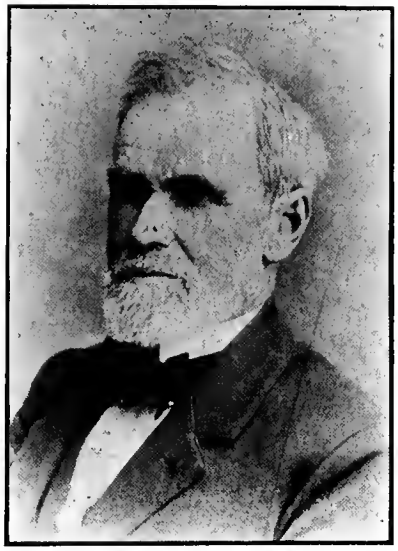
A DUET

CLARENCE NEWMAN
Instructor in Voice Culture

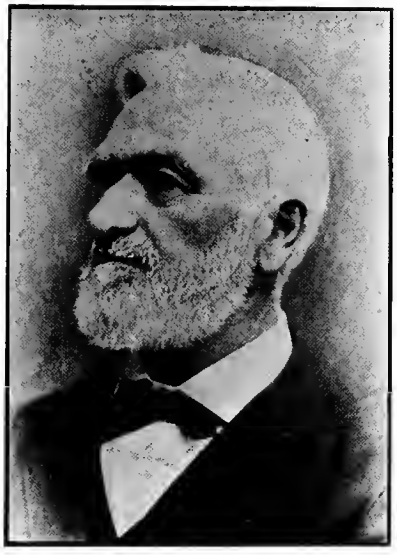
HIS FAVORITE

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON
Professor of German and French
Who is spending the present year in Germany

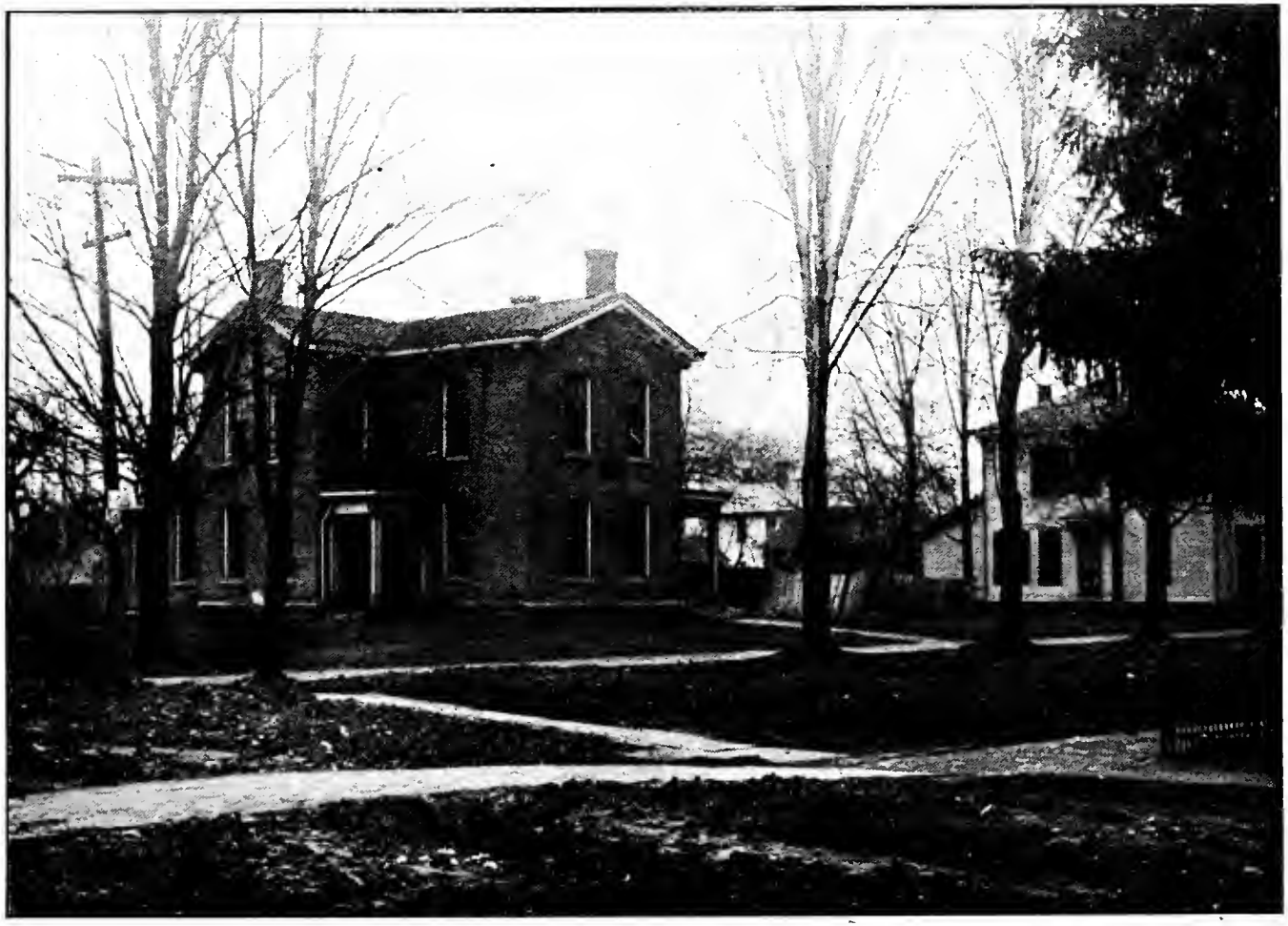
ISABEL SEVIER SCOTT
Principal of Art Department



HENRY GARST
Secretary and Treasurer



JOHN HAYWOOD
Professor Emeritus



MUSIC HALL

"Our Faculty"

What two words in the whole English language mean more to the college student, or produce such a strange combination of feelings, consisting of fear, admiration, respect and awe, as the two words "Our Faculty"?

In this famous, august and sedate mixture of humanity we find persons, long and short, lean and fat, sweet and sour, young and old, proud and humble, timid and bold, fast and slow, beautiful and verily some of them homely, and last but not least some of them baldheaded.

In this assembly we find unparalleled opportunities for studying the peculiarities of human nature. From the man, who restless as a lion, continues his everlasting promenade around the Latin arena, to the man who sits as a statue of Socrates, with his eyes and thoughts centered on the great book, "The Standard Dictionary." From that slow and dignified professor who thinks the only way to enter the golden gate, is by following in the footsteps of Euripides, Plato and Demosthenes, to the professor who thinks the secret of happiness lies in rushing through this life as if pursued by demons, which may be seen by means of a biological microscope.

The powers of this faculty are legislative, judicial and executive. The legislative department makes laws regulating the hour at which the Seniors, Sophomores and Preps should retire. They also issue a code of laws which govern the conduct of these unsophisticated and lamb-like persons. The time of the Judiciary department is fully occupied in the preparation of the explanation of such laws which are given at chapel services. These explanations are many and diverse, varying from the discussion of the moral and mental benefits received from regular attendance at chapel to the proper conduct of students at a Prep. push.

The executive department holds its meetings at 4 P. M., at which time all members take their respective positions, full of inspiration received by having spent the day in deliberating over the pages of "Peck's

Bad Boy." With great dignity and with all due solemnity they mete out justice to erring humanity.

Surely great lessons could be learned from the lives and influence of such persons. Lessons which would inspire us in our after life, so that we in looking back over our college days and seeing the deeds and influence of the faculty would discover where we received such great preparation for life.

I expect it was in the German room, that first the truth of the saying was instilled in our hearts and minds, that "Order is the first law of heaven." The art of conversation was learned under difficulties in a room amid confusion of quadratic equations, flying spheres and whizzing circles. There, sure enough, we were convinced of the truth in the saying, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these — I've flunked again."

One of the redeeming features of this faculty is that they recognize true greatness and they consider it a great honor to be permitted to guide and direct the strenuous mental efforts which are being put forth by the Juniors and Freshmen. When the classes of '04 and '06 have completed their college careers our faculty can truthfully say — "Greater works than these hath no man seen."

Seniors

Wah hee! Wah hoo!
We are not you
Wah! who are we,
We're 1903.

1. Charles Snyder
2. Frank Edwards
3. Andrew Timberman
4. Benjamin F. Cunningham
5. Mabel Scott
6. Harris V. Bear
7. Elsie Lambert
8. Clyde S. Yothers
9. Meta McFadden
10. Wallin E. Riebel
11. Alva Louise McDowell
12. May Belle Collins
13. Guy R. Taylor
14. Emma E. Barnett
15. Carmie Callender
16. Marguerite Lambert
17. David Adams
18. Ray Bushong

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Naughty Three As Others See Them

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us."

Before the illustrious class of 1903 goes out from good old Otterbein to wrest from the cruel world the living which is due it, it seems well that the X-Ray of honest opinion should but be turned upon each of its members and the result obtained therefrom, recorded, for their edification and enlightenment.

It will not be attempted to roast but simply to furnish our Seniors with a mirror in which they can see an image of themselves, unobstructed by any mark of self-conceit.

As a whole the class appears to the unbiased observer to be one, having a maximum of different characters, so completely diverse as to present only one common quality, that of contrariness. As they appear in their accustomed front seats in Chapel, one can select from their members representatives of all classes of mankind.

There is Cunningham the philosopher, the infant prodigy of mental science, schooled under Dr. Sanders. He has perhaps made more speeches and noise on the street corners than any man that ever favored the University with his august presence.

Adams is the man who does the practical thinking for the students and places it all in convenient form for reference, in a hand-book on physical culture.

Snyder has done wonders in his college course, considering the fact that when nature was endowing him, she was out of intellect.

Riebel has always made himself famous by the fore-handed way in which he opposed the wills of others, and it is to be regretted that he must leave the institution, just as he has perfected the art of having his own way.

The author and originator of the Guytaylorjoke leaves O. U., followed by tears and lamentations. His memory will always be held sacred

by all who have had a chance to cultivate their patience on account of him.

We are proud to say that Miss McDowell and Mr. Judy formerly belonged to the class of 1904, and under the influence of former good associates, were able to graduate this year.

Callender, Bushong, Edwards and Yothers would have done some very good work in college perhaps had it not been for the two tennis courts and the girls. These fellows, especially in their senior year, have done double credit in "loafing" and "campus work."

It is reported that it was the diligent work of Misses McFadden and Scott in German that drove Miss Johnson to the necessity of a vacation.

May Collins, that gay, beautiful, dashing belle, that heart smasher, has perhaps driven more girls, in Otterbein, green with envy than any other lady Otterbein has ever seen. She is modest with it all, though, and says nothing.

Miss Barnett came to run the college, but alas came too late.

Of the remaining three, Bear, Ulrey and Miss Lambert, the Historian could obtain no information, owing to the fact that nothing particularly good or bad had ever been done by any of them. With all their talent and push, the class of 1903 has not accomplished much. They wear caps and gowns and will say orations like good high school children; but they have not yet elected a president and probably never will; and they will surely carry away the palm from Otterbein for being the most perverse class in her history.

JUNIORS
01

Mr. C. M. Good

Smiled his first smile of satisfaction in Virginia, April 4, 1876.

Mr. Good gives the entire history of his life in these few words:

"I was born in the *salubrious* climate among the mountains. My chief endeavor was to satisfy an ever-craving appetite, so I climbed a cherry tree and sat upon the *naked* limb. It had ripe cherries, but I could not get them. I lost my balance and was *attracted* to the earth, about nine feet. With my *fitful* cries I awoke the echoes. My appetite still needs to be satisfied, but I am pursuing a different plan—going to be a Shakespere or Demosthenes."

Josephine Miriam Hopper Markley

Matriculated on January 3, 1883, in Westerville, Ohio, Franklin County, Blendon Township, United States of America, Western Hemisphere—under Jupiter.

Going to be, some time, *wise* or—otherwise.

Lorin Ulrich

(Born May 14, 1881,—destiny, a bachelor); was first unearthed near Farmersville, at Bingan, beautiful Bingan, fair Bingan on Tonis Run, Montgomery County, Ohio.

The oracles decreed that there was but one path to his future greatness—to be educated at Otterbein.

Going to steer clear of the girls.

Grace Maud Lloyd

First pushed her little canoe from the banks of the old Hock-Hocking at Enterprise, Ohio, February 26, 1882.

Came to Otterbein in the Fall of '97 and she's still here.

Going to be "et up by the cannibals."

Uriah B. Brubaker

First emerged from the state of "elemental chaos" in Lancaster County, Penna., on March 28, 1872. Evolved through all the different degrees of purile existence until he became a preacher in Western Pennsylvania, and then became Business Manager of the Sibyl. At this point he ceases to evolve.

Going to get married (some time).

Alice Ada Keister

First threw out her line on the Ohio and Indiana boundary, near Union City, Indiana, January 21, 1882. Prefers to be considered a Buckeye, altho a resident of Pennsylvania. During her life, this fair maiden has suffered all the miseries of coke smoke and being a preacher's daughter.

At present writing the lady has never fallen in love, married or died.

Going "to teach the young ideas how to sprout."

Dudley Reed Wilson

Raised by a derrick in Pennsylvania, June 16, 1877. Spent much of his time in the study of agriculture, then came to O. U. to study the locus of a point,—

Going to preach.

Mabel Beatrice Moore

Left by an angel near Attica, Ohio, October 29, 1879. Has had a very tragic life, having been bitten by a dog, had her nose broken and once upon a time was precipitated into a ditch, but was rescued from all these mishaps in time to save her life,—

Going to be a housekeeper.

Louis Augustus Weinland

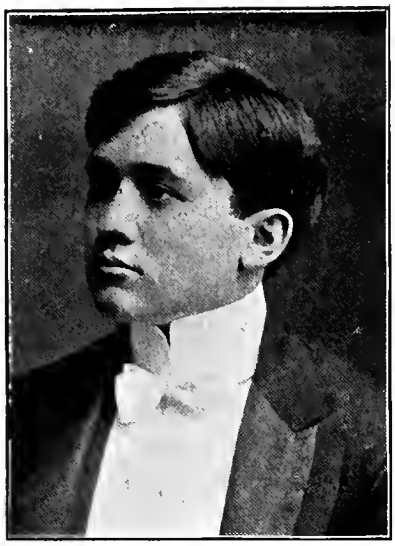
Began hostilities in March, 1881, at West Elkton, Ohio. Made his reputation in the "Athletic Board,"—

Going to vindicate science.

Edna Grace Moore

Heard her first lullaby on December 3, 1883, near Attica, Ohio. Nationality—a mixture of Welsh, German and Pennsylvania Dutch,—

Going to be an angel—some time.



Clarence Monroe Bookman

Born when the bugle played, "Called to Arms," near Lancaster, Ohio, in February, 1882. Has become known as a famous traveler, and an investigator of coal mines,—

Going to study the law of "Personal Magnetism."

Georgiana Scott

Washed up by the Ohio River at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, June 18, 1883. She has taken a great interest in "Ohio's Record,"—

Going to study Zoology.

Memories of the Past

CLASS POEM '04

I I sat one night in my study,
The fire was burning low,
And ghostly shadows played about,
In the gleam of an after-glow.

II While I sat in the fading firelight,
Wrapped in a dreamy haze,
There passed before me on memory's page,
Pictures of by-gone days.

III The picture that seemed most vivid,
Was one I had seen before,
Of days spent in dear old Otterbein,
With the class of "naughty-four."

IV My classmates passed before me,
I saw each well known face,
As one by one into chapel they filed,
Each to his accustomed place.

V We were first enrolled in the college classes,
As Freshmen, green as grass,
Then as bold and haughty Sophomores,
Looked we on the verdant past.

VI Step by step we climbed the mountain,
Bearing high the scarlet and gray,
And we hope to reach the summit
At some not far distant day.

VII Time in his flight the faces has changed,
Some having met their fate,
Being struck in the heart by Cupid's dart
Have chosen themselves a help-meet.

VIII Prof. Scott is to blame in this case,
He taught us how to propose,
In an innocent "push" he gave to the class,
And the outcome yet, who knows.

IX Still in the firelight picture that night,
I saw as it passed along,
A dozen young men and maidens fair,
Studious and sturdy and strong.

X Now Brubaker always sang in the choir,
And smiled at the girls below,
But Uriah was meek and lowly of heart,
Trying always good seed to sow.

XI Wilson had many a contest with Love,
But Cupid would yield to him never,
And give him his choice of maiden's fair,
Till Fate the new ties would sever.

XII Weinland had chosen a chemist's life,
And a chance he never would miss,
To perform his favorite experiment,
To analyze the formula K. I. S. S.

XIII Ulrich was just an every day boy —
Never rode a "Trojan horse,"
But Good with pride nursed his dainty moustache,
He had a right to of course.

XIV Bookman will long be remembered,
As an orator, an athlete, a society man,
If you ever get into his grace and favor,
Forget him, you never can.

XV Yes there are the girls, lovely creatures too,
Creatures of joy and mirth,
And I often thought as I saw them laugh,
They were the happiest girls on earth.

XVI I saw them that night in my dream,
Pass in the fire's dim glow, —
Mabel and Edna and Alice, too,
And Georgia and Grace and "Jo."

XVII What can I say of these maidens fair,
Just meet them and you will see
The graces and studious natures of all,
Without any word from me.

XVIII The vision has passed from before me,
I find myself alone at last,
But still there clings to my memory,
Scenes of days that are past.

A. L. Boring.

THE JUNIOR FUNERAL

A Sad Affair

Every college class endeavors to originate something new. The idea of class supremacy permeates every fiber of the Freshman, and it grows until the Senior takes his airy flight into the world with his diploma under his arm and his brain filled with a graduating oration; and even then he desires his class to be the best class that has ever graduated from the College.

The best thought of the members of each class is clearly shown in their pranks. So if we study the doings of the different classes for the past year, we can possibly arrive at a just conclusion, which class is really the ideal college class in Otterbein at the present time.

In the beginning of this college year, the "infant son of the faculty," the little prep, gave a "push" in the reception hall. The affair was as common as its name. Various games were indulged in, from pins to the uplifting game of American dominoes. Every class in this institution, except the Junior class, was represented on the outside of the building. Even the faculty was there. Trouble ensued, and as the result of this trouble, we have the contribution to literature, entitled: "Vandalism;" which you will find on another page of this book.

I will not write at length concerning the attempts of the Freshmen. Their unique and fashionable banquet to the Juniors speaks their laurels. The Sophomores, where the sap of knowledge has just begun to flow, did not do anything, neither could anything wonderful be expected from them. The Seniors spent all year trying to elect a president, and to look wise, and at present writing they have utterly failed to do either.

So every class which has been mentioned, with the exception of the Freshman class, has clearly shown that a spirit of lassitude and indifference pervades their ranks. They have not been active enough to fulfill the conditions of life. On account of this inactivity, the wittiest college prank that has ever been performed at Otterbein, was carried out by the Junior class.

On an evening, like the one of which Longfellow wrote, when he said:

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

this remarkable class gathered in Saum Hall, and after partaking of a bountiful repast, with solemn tread, they marched to the campus spot, from which the bolder of '98 had been removed. With great noise and tearless eyes they laid to their last resting places; the faculty, the senior, the sopohomore, and the wee small prepy class. Handsome pine monuments were placed over their heads; upon these monuments the following inscriptions were inscribed:

Faculty — "Serum in caelum redeas."

Seniors — "Requiescant in pace."

Sophs. — "With the Saints."

Prep. — "Infant son of the Faculty."

The next day took on a brighter look. The birds sang in the trees as never before; and the Sun smiled upon the good deed.

But the stillness of the morning hour was broken by the tramp, tramp, tramp, of six young men and six young women, as after chapel, the Juniors marched in two's to this Cemetery, and with bared heads, and eyes covered with handkerchiefs, they mourned the departure of those, of whom, if nature had been propitious and made Juniors, Otterbein might have been proud.

This is the modest story of the Junior's prank; and every one who has read this simple narrative has certainly before this time declared:

"March on oh worthy Juniors,
Your works have been mighty."

Sophomore Class

Sophomore Enrollment

1. Edgar McMullen
2. Chester Wise
3. Arletta Hendrickson
4. Louis Warson
5. Carrie Hendrickson
6. Una Marshall
7. Harry Williams
8. Alzo Rosselot
9. Rolla Callender
10. Thomas Hughes
11. Frank Shively
12. William Ward
13. William Deller
14. Carl Starkey
15. Edgar Lesher
16. Elizabeth Sherrick
17. Frank Van-Sickle
18. Jesse Morain
19. Charles Hendrickson
20. Iva Riebel
21. Oscar Charles
22. Maude Truxal
23. Frank Hager
24. Virginia Marshall
25. William Weaver

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Miss College Opinion's Dissertation on the "Class of '05"

Every revolution of the college year marks another step in the evolution of the college student. Time sees that air of awkward indifference maintained by the lowly "prep" discarded for the more dignified and learned cast of the senior. At the instant the "prep" is born into college life, his minute amount of pent-up knowledge swells to an enormous size, and, like a pith-ball in the air, it flys hither and thither; it scorns wisdom, laughs at true dignity, until by constantly rubbing against grim experience, clothed in thorns, it recedes to the normal size of the noble graduate.

No better example of this have we, than the class of '05, the aggregation that have enwrapped their valorless standard in those once glorious colors, the blue and the gray. Two years ago there existed among the academic students an element, which possessing a slight degree of overbearance, entwined in ignorance, rejoiced in pitting their excessive amount of physical strength against the sagacity of the older student.

The next fall, Fate collects the members of this element and calls them Freshmen. Ah! how could that proud name embrace such a set? Their surplus degree of "brass" and false strength grew nauseous to the university atmosphere. Cowardice was borne high on their standard. They challenged a superior class, which could boast of but one-third their own number, to a cane rush and ridiculed her refusal to accept. They carried their banner into chapel, but deserted it when besieged by an equal number of the opposing foe. The stings of defeat were unheeded and their boasts were even more prevalent.

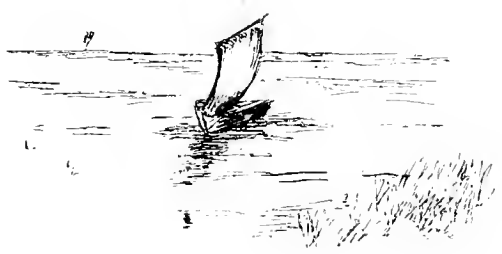
But with all these faults Dame Fortune had hopes for them still, and this year placed them in the Sophomore seats. However, one long step of advancement does not bring forth a change. To an honored title belong those elements which bear an unfaulty personage, an honest pride that does not magnetize reproach. Can this be said of the present Sophomore?

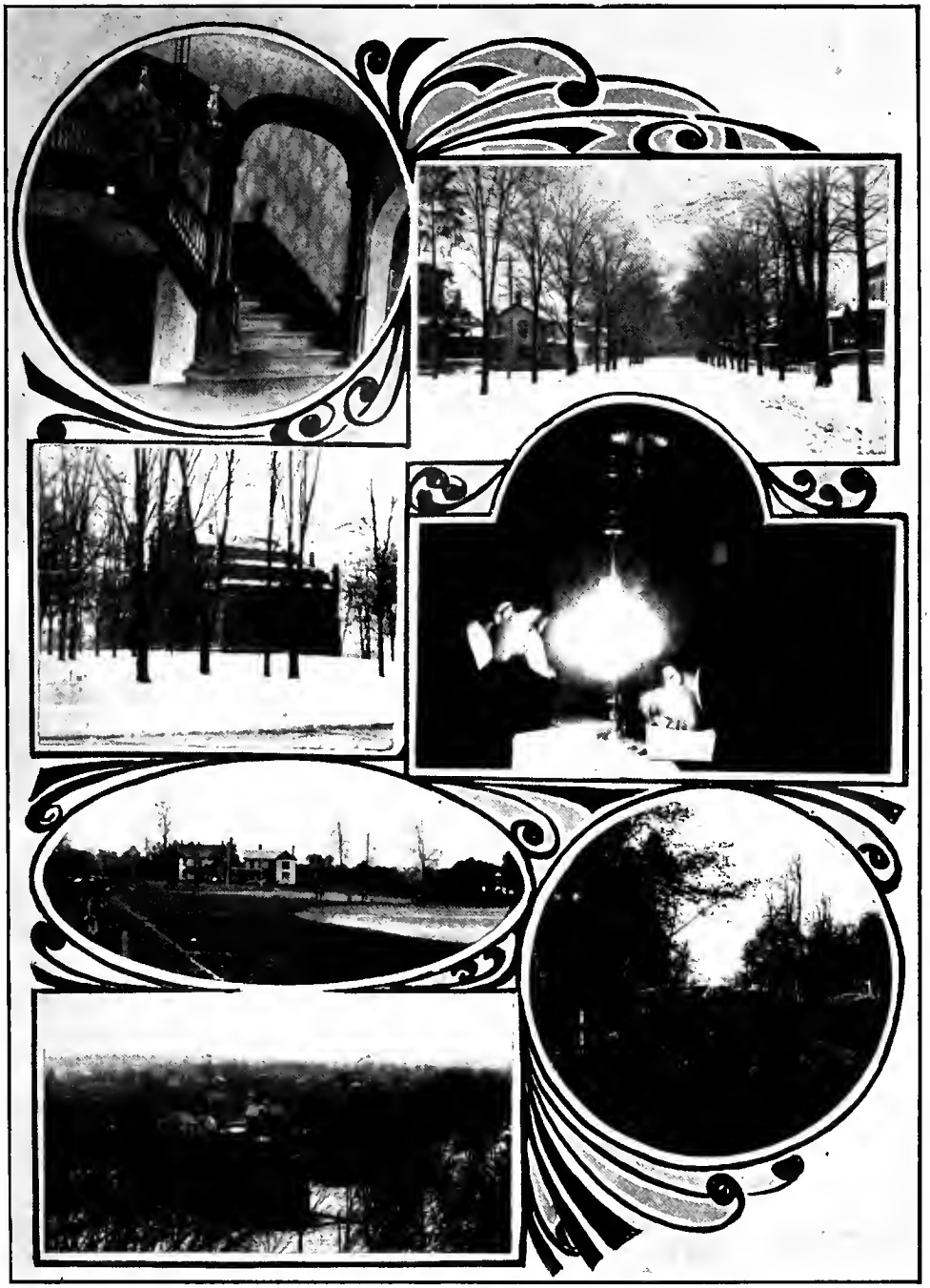
In disdain, a quotation, which portrays the make-up of this body, shall be given.

Dr. Simon Polliver McMullin for many years professor of mental and moral philosophy at Toad-stool Corners, Virginia, but now a member of '05 tersely inferred their somewhat pitiable nature in his famous re-

marks before the Otterbein faculty, when he said, "Some people say a Freshman won't swear but one of them called me a Sophomore." They, who have so previously emerged from Sophomorism beg to differ from the opinion of this distinguished gentleman that such an air of profanity is embodied in this once glorious title. That such a condition may be fostered by the followers of the "Blue and Gray," cannot be denied. If such a condition exists among these fondlings of vain glory and empty notoriety, the former proud defenders, to whom the mention of this title was but to be adored, say to this name, "Go thou hence thou one time reverenced name, wash thyself in the river of Purity that thou may again be an object of adoration."

Mere study of the traits which constitute the present Sophomore excuses to a certain extent his eccentricities. Some short, some long, some midway between. A few fairly bright. More slow, and many far below. All firm admirers of the little word "I." One of these members appears to our vision, so earnest in her research for happiness, that she contemplates connecting herself with the Judea(y)n missionary work. There is another one, very musically inclined, whose voice would rhyme with the bellow of a calf or a frog's croak. To hear him sing at chapel time is but to be pained. Traits of others might be mentioned, were it advisable to dwell longer upon these deep rooted evils. Otterbein's wish is, as the mischievousness of the urchin is spanked into the commending qualities of the man, that the exalted ideas of the present Sophomore may be hewn down to the honored standard of her alumnae.





SOME FAMILIAR SCENES

Freshmen Complaints

1. Kanaga—"So wise, so young; they say do ne'er live long."
2. Lawrence—"The Preps have no more parties."
3. Burtner—"My cake is dough."
4. Pace—"To be a Nast or Moody is the question."
5. Bryant—"Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale."
6. Hursh—"A malady preys on my heart."
7. Jessie Mumma—"Oh, for some one to love."
8. Helmstetter—"Give me some music."
9. Baum—"And is there none with me to share the glories of the earth and sky."
10. B. C. Bailey—"If the rest of the family were only here."
11. Maxwell—"I know which of them I like best."
12. O. C. Bailey—"I think just like Ben."
13. Mauk—"If I could only see into the future."
14. Worstell—"Alone, alone, up in the air."
15. Baker—"Nellis, F———? ? ? ?
16. Altman—"Singing in the quire does not come up to football."
17. Boring—"My name is enough to bar me from all society."
18. Hamilton—"I need a Wall for a support."
19. Landis—"A coward conscience how dare thou afflict me."
20. Groves—"If I could only talk all the time."

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1. Geeding—"Oh! how full of briars this world is."
2. Roloson—"I have three long miles to walk."
3. Lloyd—"The monotony of college life."
4. K. H. Rymer—"I am not a poet."
5. Ward—"That we were not married sooner."
6. Adams—"If I were only a senior."
7. McDonald—"I am sure care is an evening to life."
8. Blanch Bailey—"She thinks just like Ben."
9. Caldwell—"I am a man, more sinned against than sinning."
10. Bates—"I fear overwork is killing me."
11. Ressler—"Your calls are too few, Frank."
12. E. M. Rymer—"Poet by name."
13. Mary Hewitt—"Ray is right."
14. Bennett—"A little taller then I would be happy."
15. Francis Barnett—"Mention home to me and the tears come."
16. Park—"Destined to be the smallest in the class."
17. Shenck—"Frailty, thy name is woman"
18. Weaver—"Am I destined to be a Weaver."
19. Ray Hewitt—"A little learning is dangerous."
20. Burdge—"Oh, for a prep push."
21. Gertrude Barnett—"Francis is right."
22. Shauck—"We are so crowded in chapel."

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Academy Enrollment

1. Eugene Clark Worman
2. Mabel Coover
3. Alice Zuck
4. Horace Swartsel
5. Walter Kring
6. Mary Morain
7. Frank Ash
8. Calvin Eckstine
9. Robert Williams
10. Vitellius Zook
11. Warren Ash
12. Florence Sheller
13. Nellis Funk
14. Merlin Ditmer
15. Walter Trimmer
16. Earl Lesher
17. Samuel Postlethwait
18. Margaretta Sheller
19. John Ressler
20. Clark Demuth

1. Nora Thompson
2. Chester Scott
3. Nora Wills
4. Paul Postlewaite
5. Estella Deller
6. Clara Lesher
7. Edward Hollman
8. Catharine Hamilton
9. Willie Charles
10. Ethel Ressler
11. Frank Funk
12. Edna Weaver
13. Minnie Lesher
14. Letha Rowley
15. Mary Lambert
16. Harold Galliett
17. William Rymer
18. Mary Courtright
19. James Ayer
20. Zoa Stouffer
21. Bertha Charles

Preps

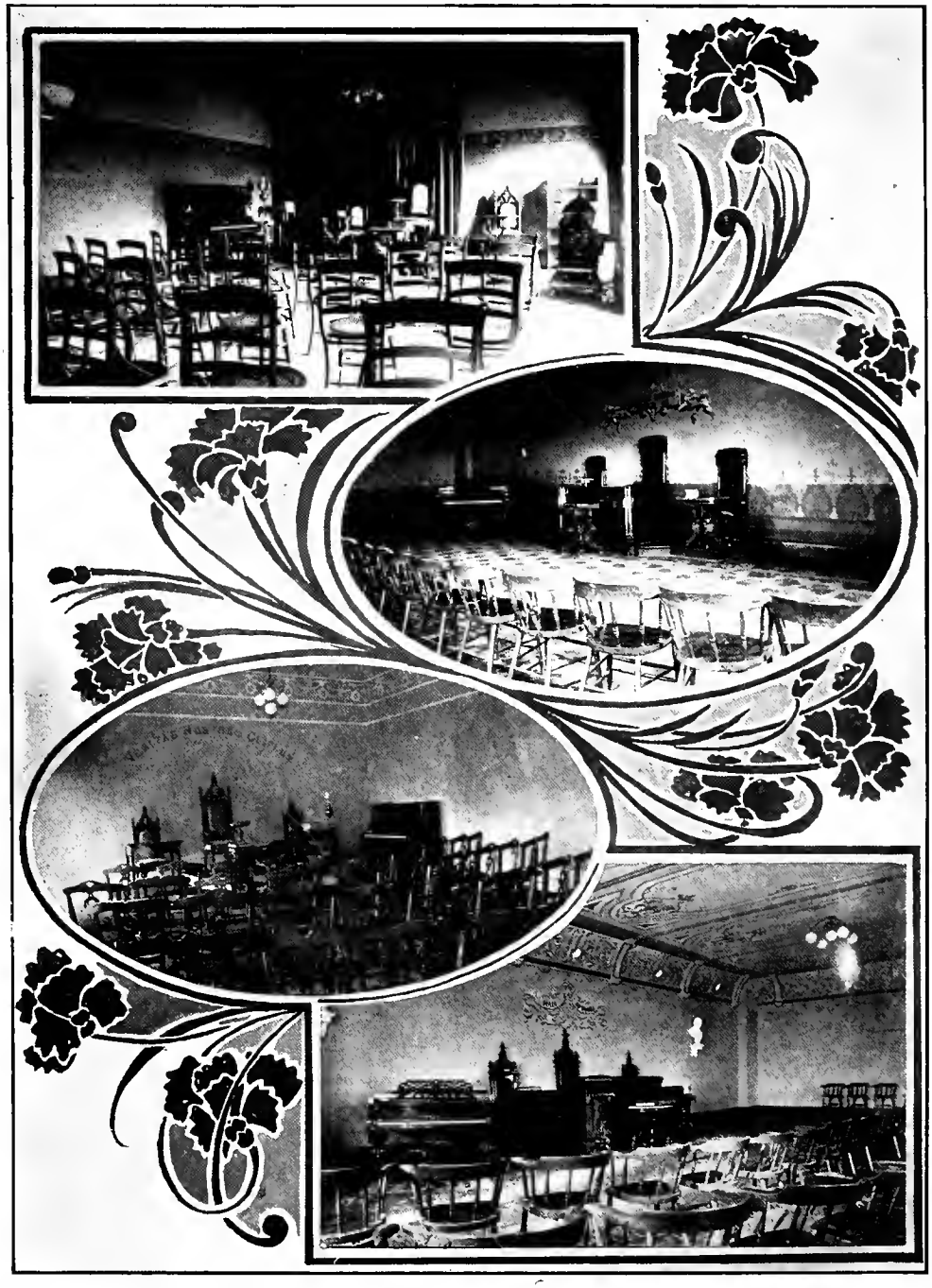
"Thunder, lightning, hail or sleet,
We're the Preps that are hard to beat."

This has been the boast of the Preparatory students this year, and it might well be said of such an excellent class. They have been very good and obedient little folks this year, and much credit is due their officers for their behavior. They have been looked after with real motherly care by their President, Miss Minnie Lesher. They have also been fortunate in possessing a prudent social committee. With due regard to their pocket-books, they have had only one party this year, and that a "Poverty Social." However, they were honored by the presence of President Scott, and the greater part of the Freshman class, and this made the occasion one to be remembered forever.

The puzzle of the Junior class this year has been how to give this excellent class due recognition in the Annual, there being so many of them, and each distinguished in some way or other. Personal mention seemed almost necessary, but as this was impossible, the next best thing was done. The Annual Board met and voted as to which of the Preps were most noted in different lines. Mr. Flashman was unanimously voted class beauty. The vote for the belle of the class was a tie, Miss Zuck, Miss Lambert, and Miss Rowley each receiving four votes. Mr. De Muth was chosen class sport, he receiving eleven votes and Mr. Postlewaite, one. Nellis Funk was unanimously voted the class grind. The vote for the best athlete resulted in six for Clara Lesher, four for Bertha Charles, and two for Mr. Williamson. Franky Funk and Jay Knox divided the honors as youngest member of the class.

ART DEPARTMENT

MUSIC DEPARTMENT



CLEIORHETEAN HALL
PHILALETHEAN HALL

PHILOMATHEAN HALL
PHILOPHRONEAN HALL

Literary Societies

Philomathean Enrollment

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Adams, D. F.
Bailey, B. C.
Bailey, O. A.
Baum, C. E.
Bear, H. V.
Bennett, R. D.
Bookman, C. M.
Bryant, W. B.
Burdge, L. R.
Charles, O. H.
Deller, W. N.
Demuth, W. C.
Eckstine, C. G.
Galliet, H. H.
Hamilton, G. C.
Helmstetter, C. F.
Hewitt, R. L.
Hollman, E.
Judy, C.
Landis, A. E.
Lawrence, E. A.
Luh, P. C.
Morain, J. L.
Rosselot, A. P.
Riebel, W. E.
Scott, C. R.
Starkey, C. M.
Swartzel, H. A.
Taylor, G. R.
Ulrich, C. O.
Ulrich, L.
Ulrey, A. E.
Van Sickle, F. O.
Ward, W. E.
Warson, L. W.
Weaver, W. O.
Weinland, L. A.
Williams, W. R.
Weitkamp, A. H.
Worman, E. C.
Wise, C. G.
Yost, C. E.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Hagar, F.
Zook, V.
Charles, W. A.
Geeding, A.
Newman, F.
Geiger, F.
Flick, I.

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY

Philalethean Enrollment

ACTIVE MEMBERS

May Collins
Hattie Adams
Blanche Bailey
Ethel Crouse
Mayme Gerding
Alice Keister
Meta McFadden
Zoa Munger
Georgiana Scott
Elizabeth Sherrick
Georgia Park
Amy Ward
Mayme Yost
Mabel Scott
Mary Baker
Nellie Boring
Leo Davis
Mary Hewitt
Una Marshall
Jessie Mumma
Iva Riebel
Mary Shauck
Elsie Smith
Nora Thompson
Mary Weinland
Mary Courtright
Daisy Bowman

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Mabelle Crabbs
Mary Dunkleburger
Virginia Marshall
Stella Deller
Bertha Bossard
Beatrice Schenck
Mary Morain
Minnie Mann
Edna Gable
Florence Courtright
Lillian Mauk
Ollie Converse
Alice Zuck
Ethel Dean
Flora McKee
Goldie Johnson
Marie Corl
Nell Saur
Grace Key
Ora Bale

PHILALETHEAN SOCIETY

Philophronean Enrollment

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Altman, C. O.
Ayer, J. W.
Brubaker, U. B.
Bates, S. W.
Bushong, C. R.
Burtner, E. E.
Bean, B. F.
Callender, C. O.
Callender, R. A.
Cunningham, B. F.
Ditmer, M. A.
Edwards, F. A.
Funk, J. W.
Funk, N. R.
Funk, F. W.
Flashman, C. C.
Good, C. M.
Hendrickson, C. W.
Hughes, L. E.
Hursh, E. M.
Kanaga, P. H.
Kring, W. D.
Lesher, E. J.
McMullen, E. W.
Postlethwaite, S. L.
Postlewaite, P. R.
Rymer, E. M.
Rymer, K. H.
Ressler, J. E.
Shear, W. E.
Schaff, H. K.
Shively, B. F.
Snyder, C. W.
Suver, O. S.
Trimmer, W. H.
Wilson, D. R.
Worstell, H. M.
Williams, H. M.
Yothers, C. S.
Zuck, E. S.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Pace, E. J.
Zachman, H. L.
Clark, Wm. L.
Lloyd, C. C.
Diehl, H. A.
Lesher, Earl
Riggle, F. W.
Alexander, George
Rymer, W. D.
Kiehl, S. L.
Titus, M. O.
McDonald, F. W.
Cooper, L. P.
Caldwell, G. T.
Sharp, Ernest
Wise, Herbert
Evans, David

PHILOPHRONEAN SOCIETY

Cleiorhetean Enrollment

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Fanny Alexander
Ella Barnes
Emma Barnett
Frances Barnett
Gertrude Barnett
Mary Best
Bertha Charles
Henrietta Du Pre
Eva Frank
Mamie Groves
Katherine Hamilton
Maude Hanawalt
Arletta Hendrickson
Carrie Hendrickson
Jessie Iles
Elsie Lambert
Marguerite Lambert
Mary Lambert
Minnie Lesher
Grace Lloyd
Josephine Markley
Plezza Mauk
Ora Maxwell
Louise McDowell
Edna Moore
Mabel Moore
Anabel Remaley
Grace Ressler
Martha Roloson
Florence Sheller
Margaretta Sheller
Zoa Stouffer
Maude Truxal
Ada Wall
Bertha Monroe

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Niscea Beaver
Abbie Cockrell
Laura Cockrell
Daisy Clifton
Louise Crockett
Estella Davis
Hazel Finkbone
Artinsel Gorsuch
Clara Lesher
Pearl Malone
Meda McCoy
Anna McMullen
Carrie Miller
Ethel Miller
Ina Rauck
Esther Redkeys
Ethel Ressler
Coral Thompson
Thirza Van Anken
Dora Weaver
Edna Weaver
Clara Worstell
Mabel Coover
Ione Moore

CLEIORHETEAN SOCIETY

Athletics.

Otterbein's New System of Athletics

The stringency existing in the financial condition of Otterbein athletics has seemed to justify a change in the method of its management. The Athletic Board has found each year new difficulties to face which have increased until it seems that some readjustment has become necessary.

In the spring of 1902 the Board of Trustees considered the question, and decided that the most expedient plan for striking the source of the difficulty and introducing a remedy, was to appoint a General Board of Management. The Board was to be made up of two alumni and two faculty members, appointed by the Trustee Board, and two students elected by the Student Association.

Accordingly the Board appointed Messrs. Kline and Kumler of Dayton as alumnial members, and Drs. Whitney and Meyer as faculty members. C. M. Bookman and S. W. Bates were appointed student members.

This Board met at Westerville in January, 1903, and planned the necessary changes, namely:

1. That there be elected a graduate manager to superintend all athletics.

2. That there be an athletic director employed to have charge of the Foot Ball, Base Ball and Basket Ball teams, and also to act as gymnasium director.

3. That the salary of said director be paid by the University, students and alumnae in such proportion as seemed equitable.

This plan seems strong and it is most sincerely hoped that it will meet the approval of the Board of Trustees.

Acting upon this suggestion the Athletic Board has elected Dr. W. C. Whitney as graduate manager. They have also secured the services of Mr. Hershey M. Keene, of Brown University as athletic director. Mr. Keene comes to us recommended very highly as a thorough, all 'round athlete and a good clean man.

Afterwards

She clung to him, the game was o'er,
  Content was in her soul.
"I am so very glad," she said,
  "That you have come back whole."
And then Bates answered with a smile, —
  He scarce could keep a laugh back —
"Machere, your joy is premature,
  For I am only *half-back*."

The foot ball season of 1902 started off with a boom. Enthusiasm was plenty and the student body acquitted itself nobly by contributing a large sum of money. The faculty and alumni also helped out materially.

Manager Van Sickle had arranged an excellent schedule, and the coaching of the team was in the hands of E. C. Wainwright of Dartmouth. Some very good material was already on the ground, but a great many "new" boys had to be broken in to fill the positions.

The first game was played as usual with O. S. U. on the varsity grounds at Columbus, and right loyally was the cardinal and tan defended that day. The score of 5 to 0 in favor of O. S. U. represents a battle which was fought from start to finish, with bull-dog tenacity, and it can be confidently asserted that if it had not been for costly fumbles and slippery grounds, the score would at least have been a tie.

O. M. U. had been scheduled for the following Saturday night, the game to be played by electric light. On account of muddy grounds it

was postponed until the following Monday night. A team consisting mostly of scrubs was defeated by the Medics by the heart-sickening score of 39 to 0. Four points less, however, than the Medics defeated Ohio Wesleyan later in the season.

The following Saturday found the Kenyonites in Westerville hunting scalps. But it also found eleven braves with their tomahawks and scalping knives all ground ready for them. Also, with their squaws on the side lines ready to give the war whoop. We should hove defeated Kenyon that day, and would have done so if our old hoodoo, the fumble, had not managed to pop up as if by magic just at the time when victory seemed within easy reach.

Heidelberg was next on the list, and although we outplayed them in every point, and outgeneraled them in everything, except the introduction of "ringers," we were defeated by a score of 10 to 0.

The next game on the list was played at Westerville with the State Championship Aspirants from O. W. U. One fluke netted the Weslyans one touch down, and another was obtained by straight foot ball, making a score of 10 to 0 in Weslyan's favor. This game will long be remembered; first, because of the excellent showing made by our team, second, because it contained the only play on record in which a runner was tackled by the ear.

The next week our team lost to Cincinnati University through sluggish playing, resulting from overconfidence.

Miami was next treated to a victory by a score of 6 to 5. The lack of one on our side of the score being caused by failure to kick goal. It is much to be regretted that that game was played. The Miami fellows are not fit associates for United Brethren; as they proved by playing four ringers, and by general rowdy actions.

The next game, which hard luck deprived us of, was played at Wittenberg. Some very spiritless playing, and much wrangling characterized the game. At one time the officials forfeited the game to Otterbein, but the difference was adjusted and the game lost by us.

Wooster was the next team scheduled, and accordingly a very pretty tie game was played, resulting in a score of 6 to 6. The team was treated very nicely by the Wooster men, and came home feeling that the season had closed with a very satisfactory game.

This record shows only a list of tie games and defeats but, if examined carefully it will be seen that the tie games were played with teams reputably stronger than Otterbein, and the most of the defeats have been

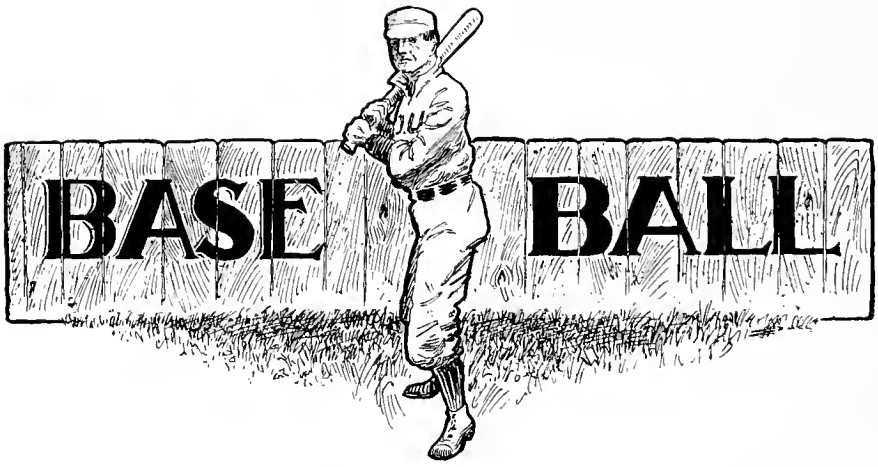
accepted from the hands of teams which we should have defeated. No large scores were piled up on us except by O. M. U.

We have been asked many times, "Why didn't the foot ball team win more games this season?" Several reasons may be given: First, the support of the student body, which started out so brilliantly, practically died out towards the close of the season; second, the lack of a constant quantity at the quarter back position. Bookman, Flick and Shively all made excellent quarters, but neither were in the game long enough to do the greatest good. A position of this description, in which lies so much of the generalship of the game, cannot be changed so often without serious detriment to the team. Third, the team lost confidence in the coach. Some of Wainwright's ungentlemanly actions were entirely unexcusable, and did much to dampen the ardor of the players. Fourth, there was never to be found on the field, after the first few nights, a good strong second team. Much credit is due the few "scrubs" who did come out to practice, but there was not enough of them.

Below is given a list of the players with ages and weight and position of each man:

LINE UP

	Position	Age	Weight	Height	Halves Played	Years Experience
Altman	R. E.	23	160	5-08	12	4
Van Sickle	R. T.	22	175	6-01	16	4
Williams	R. G.	26	170	6-00	12	1
McLeod	C.	20	170	5-10	15	1
Worstel	L. G.	25	185	6-01½	16	3
McDonald	L. T.	22	170	5-09	12	2
Cowan	L. E.	19	165	5-10½	14	6
Bookman	Quarter	21	165	5-10	5	3
Flick	Quarter	21	165	5-10½	10	3
Bates	L. H.	26	164	5-10	16	6
Shively	R. H. and Q	22	167	5-08	12	3
Yost	F.	23	150	5-09	10	4
Wise	G.	23	165	5-10	1	1
Beeson	End	21	140	5-07	2	2
Wilson	G.	23	154	5-10	1	2
Bailey	G.	20	167	6-00	1	1
Bryant	T.	21	165	5-11	1	1



The small college is nearly always unfortunate in not being able to support two forms of intercollegiate athletics in a favorable manner.

In nearly every school, of from two to five hundred students, either base ball or foot ball must be sacrificed for the other. Otterbein has had a few good base ball teams in her history, but as a rule base ball does not receive the proper support, and is not in consequence, a very great success.

Last spring's team was a slight exception. Many good games were played and most of them with very close scores. The record was better than usual although it contained but few victories.

Otterbein is fortunate in her base ball captain. It is safe, I am sure, to say that a harder working captain never marshalled an Otterbein athletic team. Bates is energetic, full of vim and push, besides being a thorough gentleman and athlete. The boys have great confidence in him and great things are expected from the base ball team this spring.

Just a word to players. Remember that even if you are few in numbers, and thereby have a leverage on the management, that it depends largely upon your work, to make athletics a success. And *don't loaf* nor *Baby,* but work, and listen to what the captain or coach tells you.

Basket Ball

For the first time in her history, Otterbein has a college basket ball team. Some attention had been paid to it by the classes, and thereby some very good material was developed. Last winter the Athletic Board thought that the time was ripe for a college team, and consequently elected B. F. Shively, Manager and C. G. Wise, Captain. An excellent team was produced, but owing to lack of schedule planning, they played but three games.

One game was played with O. W. U., in which O. U. defeated the Methodists, by the one-sided score of 28-17. O. S. U. defeated us 25 to 5 in their Gymnasium. And in the next game O. U. defeated Ohio University in the Otterbein Gym., by a score of 28 to 12.

One game with O. S. U., and one with O. W. U. were canceled on account of the small pox epidemic.

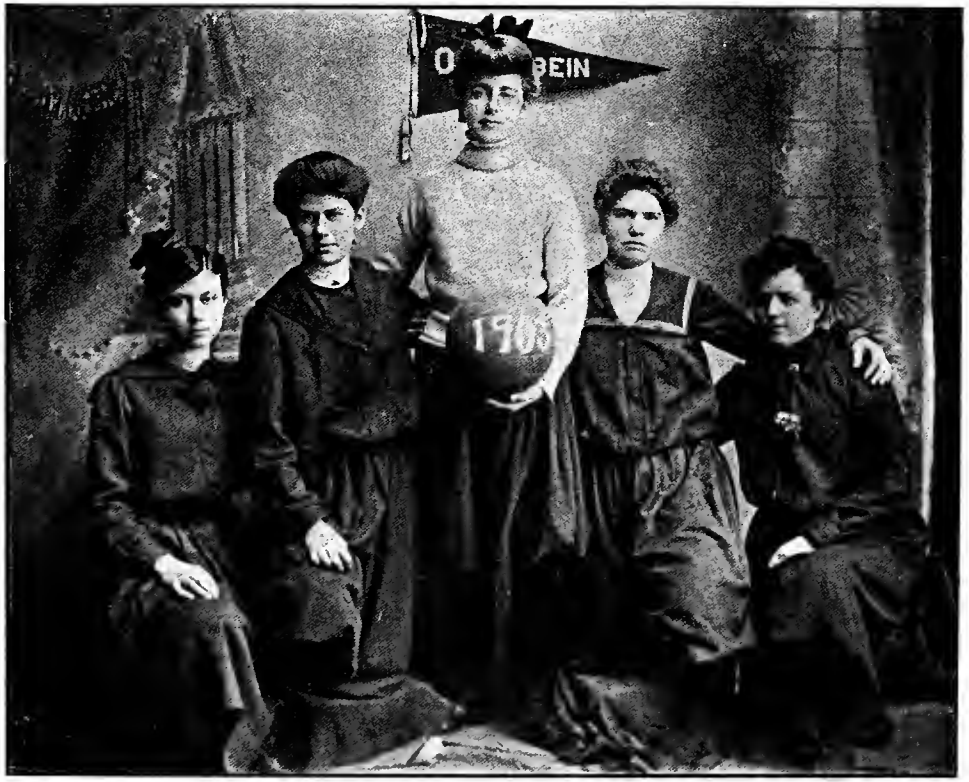
The work of Wise as captain and player was excellent. The line up was as follows:

C. G. Wise, Captain and Right Guard.
T. E. Hughes, Left Guard.
J. Flick, Left Forward.
E. J. Lesher, Right Forward.

Lawn Tennis and Track Athletics

Lawn tennis enjoys a very enviable position in Otterbein. Last fall the two courts were crowded continually to the fullest capacity. Consequently a few of the enthusiasts in this line marshalled their forces, and constructed a new court this spring. It is located on the southwest corner of the campus and is undoubtedly in a good location. No doubt there will be a demand for it next fall.

For the last two years Track Athletics have been sadly neglected, why should this be? There are plenty of good athletes in school, and it seems a pity that Otterbein cannot have a hand in this department. She used to take part when the student attendance was smaller than now. There has been some interest displayed in this department this spring.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1906

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Patients and Their Maladies

Patient	*Malady*	*Symptoms*	*Length of Illness*	*Remedy*
Bates	Disrespect to Superiors	Impudence	One Year	Athletics
Bear	Contrariness	Sassing	Twenty-five Years	A Wife
Bookie	Lonesome	Working	Five Months	Deeder's Return
Brubaker	Piety	Singing	Seventeen Years	Matrimony
Cowan	Swipeing	Parasols	Indefinite	Age
Yothers	Business	Trips to Columbus	One Year	Experience
Deller	Anger	Swearing	Some Time	Foot Ball
Meta	Extravagance	Costly Shoe Strings	Life Time	Matrimony
May	A Woman	Talking	A Life Time	Death
Josephine	Love	Chewing Gum	Periodical	A Point

ORATORICAL
ASSOCIATION

Inter-Society Debate

A new step has been taken this year, by the societies, in the way of an inter-society debate. Rivalry and jealousy, heretofore, always have prevented the boys from coming together in this way. Thus one great means of development has been thwarted. The need of the drill was seen this year, and trivial differences were overlooked and arrangements made for a debate, in the college chapel on February 24. The question, "Resolved: That the United States should have permanent control of the Philippines" was ably discussed.

Messrs H. V. Bear and E. A. Lawrence of the Philomathean society defended the affirmative, and Messrs T. E. Hughes and S. W. Bates of the Philophronean, the negative. Bear showed himself to be a very deliberate speaker, rather slow in expression, but very logical in thought. His unassuming way was attractive, and made the auditors feel that he was sincere in what he had to say. Lawrence, who is gifted with a rapid flow of language, used his wit and cunningness in a way that was attractive to his hearers, and livened his audience to a stage of attentiveness. He proved to be a forceful, entertaining and clear cut speaker. Hughes impressed his audience as being a man of strong personality, and of strong determination. His mode of expression was somewhat broken. His power, as a speaker, is his earnestness, along with his clear thought. The last of which we speak, Bates, manifested the same spirit of vigor and of unyielding purpose in the discussion which characterizes him upon the athletic field. He proved himself to be an impressive speaker and one to whom a crowd does not become weary of listening.

Much interest, in the debate, was manifested by the student body as a whole. The Blue or the White was worn by every friend of the respective society. Society songs were sung, and the day was one of mirthful society guying.

Much credit was due the Athletic Board for suggesting the idea of an inter-society debate, and for its management in bringing it about It is a practice worthy of being continued.

C. O. CALLENDER '03 C. M. BOOKMAN '04 C. G. WISE '05

This year, for the first time in her history, Otterbein has taken part in an intercollegiate debate. These debating contests between colleges are not only conducive to college spirit, but they create an interest in this very important phase of college work.

This step taken by O. U. is certainly a commendable one. The question proposed by Otterbein University and accepted by Wittenberg College was: Resolved, "That the Government of the U. S. should own and operate the railroads and coal mines of this country." Wittenberg having the choice of sides defended the negative; while Otterbein advocated the affirmative. Although lacking the experience of years of intercollegiate debate, a great deal of interest was shown, and when the evening of March 14th arrived the chapel of Otterbein University was well filled with enthusiastic rooters. Yells, prepared for the occasion, together with the music by the O. U. band, made it very evident that the proper spirit was there. At 8:15 the meeting was called to order by the Chairman of the evening, Dr. Sanders of Otterbein, and the first speaker was introduced.

The debaters on the affirmative were C. M. Bookman, C. O. Callender and C. G. Wise of Otterbein. Those on the negative were Waldo Winger, C. W. Circle and A. I. Zimmerman of Wittenberg. The debate

was spirited throughout. The arguments of the affirmative were logically and forcibly presented. On the other hand, the negatives met them with a firmness and judgment which showed weeks of training and preparation.

The very nature of the question made the satisfactory proof of the affirmative almost an impossibility. The decision was given to Wittenberg. The judges of the debate were Prof. Clark of O. S. U., Prof. Walton of Kenyon, and Hon. Mr. Outhwaite of Columbus. Something about our team: C. M. Bookman, comes from Lancaster, Ohio, where he received his early education. He is now a member of the Junior class, having during the three years spent at O. U., taken part in nearly every phase of college work. In athletics, he has played on the foot-ball, base ball and basket ball teams. In literary work, he has taken an active part, and is at present Editor in Chief of the Sibyl. Being a clear and forcible speaker, he made a strong member of our debating team. He is a member of the Philomathean Literary Society.

C. O. Callender received his early training at Hicksville, Ohio, having come to Otterbein six years ago. He has taken a very active part in Y. M. C. A. work since in school. He is also well known for his literary ability and is at present Editor in Chief of the Otterbein Aegis. He is a good thinker, and a logical debater, and a valuable man on the team. He is a member of the Philophronean Literary Society.

C. G. Wise, the other member of the debating team, comes from Mogadore, Ohio, where he graduated from the high school with honors. He is a very smooth talker and an earnest debater. Mr. Wise has been in O. U. for two years, and during that time he has made a good showing in athletics, having played on both the base ball and basket ball teams, and was a very good man in foot-ball last year, while he was in the game. He is a member of the Philomathean Literary Society.

E. E. BURTNER '06
Winner of Local Contest

The Prestige of Purity

Some years ago there appeared in one of our leading magazines a cartoon of this description. A tall, well-dressed, dignified looking young man, evidently of good parentage, a child of luxury and ease, possessed of a handsome face and a magnificent physique, but withal bearing the unmistakable marks of dissipation and misspent energy, stood before a barred door which opened into a field of great possibilities. Desirous of entering this realm where, to his narrow and warped mind, he could obtain all for which he wished, and having in his hand a bunch of keys, he tried with each one to unlock the door. But he could not. Sorrowing because he had not realized his darling wish, he turned away. A friend observed the pitiful expression on his face and inquired of him the cause of his grief. The young man told his story—how he had longed to enter this realm, and though he was permitted to stand at its very threshold, yet was debarred from it. His friend, after seeing the seemingly noble impulses that swayed his soul, replied to him in the words of the sweet-spirited, beloved and lamented poet, Alfred Tennyson, "Doors barred with gold, open but to golden keys." To this the young man replied, "I have used the keys of wealth, education, high-birth, respectability and others, but to none of these has it responded." "Ah!" said the other, "the keys that you have tried are silver, not gold. The key to unlock that door is purity. It is the key of gold."

The thought of this is, that anything possessing a high degree of excellence will be responsive only to that which has an equal worth and quality; for the gold key would have influenced the gold lock because it was gold, and an iron or copper key, even though precisely the same in

size and shape, would not have unlocked the door. It is sad enough that so few have learned this peculiar but all important truth, that anything worthy and good and worth the striving for, is influenced or attained by something having the same inherent qualities. What is true of tangible things is true of the more abstract matters of life and conduct.

So then, it has ever been, and must for all time be, that lives operated upon principles other than that of purity in the largest sense are failures, and this very significant fact is the reason for a premium being placed upon it. Let a short illustration serve to show you how much we all really regard purity. Look, if you will, at that young lady who has been presented with a piece of jewelry that looks as though it were gold. See how carefully she inspects it to see whether it anywhere gives evidence of tarnish or alloy, all the while wondering whether it is pure gold or only gilded. And when she has satisfied herself that it is genuine, she values it not so much for the dollars it represents, but because it is pure gold.

Men have made melancholy commentaries upon the absence of virtue and these commentaries, no doubt, have strengthened its hold upon us. Ever since Adam answered to his name from his hiding place in the garden, ever since Jacob halted at Penuel where, no doubt, he was reminded of having maltreated his brother, ever since Pharaoh broke his nine consecutive promises, and every hour since the betrayal of Christ by Judas, have men come more and more to appreciate and to love purity and uprightness of character. All men have some standard of worth for which they have the utmost regard. Probe down into the life of the most ignorant and benighted heathen, and you will find lodged there a noble regard for that one of his fellows who proves himself to be the best and exhibits a life freest from taint according to his own conceptions, however inferior they may have been because of his unfortunate surroundings. In our own land the meanest and most wayward have a kindly regard, and in some cases, a profound love for virtue wherever and by whomever it is manifest.

One of the most wonderful things in the life of Him who came to this world when, seemingly, it had wandered well-nigh irrecoverably from its first estate, and who taught truths which, though new to men, were so powerful that they transformed society, changed the current of the whole world's thought, and laid the foundation upon which it was to erect a more nearly ideal structure, was the mighty impression he made upon men as a pure man. But what made his life so powerful was not so much the truth he taught as this towering, over-mastering, immaculate purity, so

manifest that men had confidence in him and laid hold of his teaching, implicitly believing that the things to which He laid claim were true. This, this I say, is the most marked illustration of the prestige of purity in the history of the race.

The opinion is among too many that for a man to be really great, he must have much money, boast of high-birth, be gifted intellectually, or have spent enough time in some school to get a degree and be called educated. But against all such nonsense I declare my protest. Money, royal blood, diplomas, so called social prestige, are all transient and light as vapor and are worse than a curse unless purity is enthroned as their king to direct and control, and though one may be doomed to mediocrity, and be forced to walk the beaten path of hardship all his days, and though he have all forms of human woe and suffering for his companions, if this one thing be reserved to him, he shall finally triumph.

The roster of every nation contains the names of men who, though prominent in its public life, were a bane and hindrance to the highest welfare of the race, and that very fact excludes them from that other list who merit the world's praise and honor, many of whom are buried in obscurity, but to whom time will see to it that justice is meted out. Julius Cæsar was a smart man, Lord Byron was intellectual, Napoleon Bonaparte was shrewd, Alexander was brilliant, Nero was powerful, but D. L. Moody was a good man. And what could it avail for Byron to sing, Nero to legislate or Cæsar to conquer, when this one essential, purity, was wanting to give immutability to their labors.

Only a few days ago, as a nation, we bowed in sorrow at the grave of one whose life deserves exultation. Thomas Brackett Reed was a model citizen and an eminent statesman. Seldom, indeed, do we see such pure love, such perfect loyalty and such self-sacrificing service to one's country. He poured out his life like water for the prosperity of this broad land. It touches every heart, be it never so hard, to read the story of his giving up personal ambition for wealth and placing himself into the hands of the nation he loved so well, and which he served so untiringly through many years fraught with heavy toil, until he saw the gray light of life's day burning in its western sky, and then, impelled by that affection which only a tender and loving husband and father can bestow, he turned his back upon those interests which lay so near his heart to make for his family competency. This world needs men of such exalted character and can but ill afford to give them up. Yet sublime nobility like his will always be green in the love of this people, for his name is on that list

of the few who form the objects of adoration for that oldest of all religions — hero worship.

Again in our reflection, we find our vision blurred as we think of the name so recently added to the roll of our martyred presidents. The power of human language is too great to give adequate utterance to the emotions of the heart. But we do not mourn because we fear his place can not be filled by another, but because so powerful was he as a model of purity in public life, that we loved him and delighted to honor him. Like that other American whom we call the nation's father, "he was first in the hearts of his countrymen." The marble that we rear above him will disintegrate and the letters inscribed thereon will soon become illegible, but his work will ever endure; and in the affections and ideals of his fellows there have been erected imperishable monuments, and on the heart of this nation are written his deeds and virtues in letters that shall never grow dim.

"Chieftain, could we but build of love
A monument, t'would reach to heaven above,
High in the unity of love's design
And all that glory thine.

"Chieftain and father to the nation all,
High-souled American, the shadow fall
Has not obscured thee, for thy life and name
Shall have immortal fame.

"Wherever strength and tenderness are met,
Wherever toleration bids us strive forget,
And when the common good men first shall see,
Must they remember thee.

"Chieftain, in pity for the parting thus farewell,
It hurt our hearts the hour we heard the twilight bell,
But you have met, above the stars and sun,
Lincoln and Washington.

Happy, indeed, will be the lot of that man, the single and whole endeavor of whose life is to be good; for then, evil conscious of his might will shun him, and virtue will seek him. Then it will matter little whether he claims a cottage or a palace for his home, whether many come at his

nod or beck to do his every behest, or whether he himself is one of this earth's scavengers. It may not be his to climb the heights of time and hear the great world's praises ring; and he may answer to his final summons all unhonored, unplumed and unsung; but he has the only thing which will glorify adversity, dignify defeat, compensate loss and diadem life. But what is richest and best is the thought that so great will be his prestige with Him who is best fitted to reward well doing, that all things shall be for his inheritance. Such convictions as these must have welled up in the breast of the poet when he said,

"For, ever we go, by the field we sow,
And the peasant and king in state,
Shall the lesson learn ere the green sod turn
That only the good are great.

"Here are the trumpets blaring,
Here is the wreath of fame,
Here in the crumbling marble,
Write you the hero's name.

"But there by the arch of glory,
Under the cloudless gate,
Tallest of all the angels
Is he who is truly great."

Society

Dutch Lunch—Rowley Ranch, October 9, 1902. Guest of honor, P. H. Kilbourne.

The illustrious class of 1904 enjoyed a very beautiful feast, from the hours of 12:30 until 4, on the morning of October 10, 1902, at Saum Science Hall.

A beautifully appointed dinner party was given by Clarence Newman on the evening of October the eleventh, 1902. Covers were laid for sixteen.

On the evening of October 9, 1902, the Misses Mabel and Georgia Scott entertained in honor of their guest, Miss Mary Appenzellar of Dayton. A very pleasant evening was spent by those present.

On Hallowe'en night, with all its mysterious happenings, twenty-five girls met at the home of Josephine Markley and queer things transpired.

Thanksgiving evening a jolly party, consisting of Messrs. Bookman, Bear, Bates, Cowan, Funk, Hewitt, Weinland and the Misses Elizabeth Sherrick, Georgia Scott, Alice Keister, Zoa Munger, Mary Baker, Grace Harlasher and Mabel Scott went to Columbus to see Magician Keller. The evening was very pleasantly spent.

Miss Elizabeth Sherrick gave a "feast" to a number of her friends, serving the delicacies of a Thanksgiving box, sent from her home.

On December 6, 1902, Alice Keister gave a taffy pulling at her rooms on College Avenue. A dozen persons were present.

A slumber party was given to nine of her girl friends, by Alice Keister, in honor of her guest, Miss Besse Aston of Bakersfield, Cal., on October 17, 1902.

Invitations were received by many Otterbein girls for an evening party, given by Miss Alma Guitner, at her home on West College Avenue November 10, 1902. The event was in honor of the hostess' house-guest, Miss Mable Guitner of Washington, D. C.

On the afternoon of November 14, 1902, a pretty Japanese Tea was given for Miss Spencer, State Secretary of Y. W. C. A. Mary Hewitt, Leatha Rowley, Mamie Groves, Mary Baker, Alma Guitner, Josephine Markley and Maude Truxal, dressed as Japanese girls, were in the re-

ceiving line Dozens of cushions were laid about on the floors of the Association Parlors. Upon these, the girls were compelled to sit after having bowed upon bended knees to the Japanese girls. After a dainty lunch a pleasant time was spent in playing Japanese games.

On the evening of February 4, 1903, Miss Mary Baker delightfully entertained a number of her friends with a 6 o'clock dinner. Covers were laid for twelve. The table was artistically decorated in pink and green.

April 11th, the Y. W. C. A. Bible classes entertained the Y. M.C.A. Bible classes in the Association Parlors. New Easter bonnets were purchased by the boys and a girl was given with each bonnet. As high as fifty thousand dollars was paid for a hat.

The best society event of the year was the banquet given by the Freshman class to the Junior class. The following menu and toasts were enjoyed by all :

MENU

Salade de pommes de terre

Jambon Pain a cacheter

Olives

Huitres a la Mode

Buisquit a la Creme Pate de Pois

Celeri Pickles

Creme a la glace Napolitiane

Gateaux Fruit

Cafe demi-tasse

SYMPOSIUM

Toast-master - - -	S. W. Bates '06
Address of Welcome - - - - -	C. F. Helmstetter '06
Response - - - - - - - -	Georgiana Scott '04
College Associations - - - - -	C. M. Bookman '04
Music—Piano Duet - - - - - -	{ Grace Ressler '06 { R L. Hewitt '06
The Faculty - - - - - - - -	Blanch Baily '06
Prophecy of '04 and '06 - - - - -	L. A. Weinland '04
Otterbein Without Us - - - - - -	Ora Maxwell '06
Music—Song - - - - - - -	Freshman Girls

Dr. Whitney's Health Rules

As Given Before Chapel

1. Wash occasionally, it is good for your neighbors.

2. Don't chew more than ten cents' worth a day because it is hard on your father's and your landlord's real estate.

3. Drink whisky freely, it is good for digestion.

4. Eat fast or you won't get anything.

5. Pay your tuition; it is good for your health.

6. Eat Sauer Kraut, if you like it.

7. Don't go to chapel, you may injure your health.

8. Above all things, when sick, insult me.

Miscellaneous

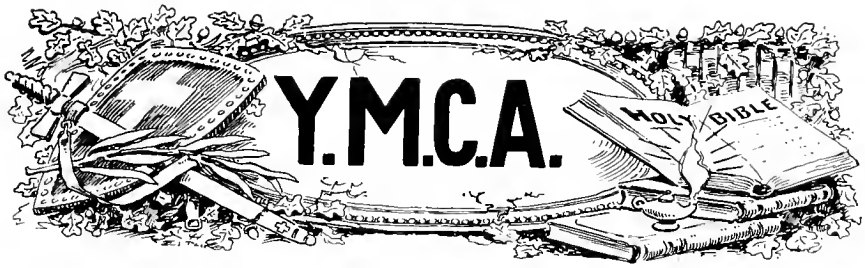
Organizations.

OFFICERS

President	Iva Riebel '05
Vice-President	Elsie Lambert '03
Recording Secretary	Alice Keister '04
Corresponding Secretary	Emma Barnett '03
Treasurer	Mabel Moore '04

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Devotional	Marguerite Lambert '03
Bible Study	Grace Lloyd '04
Missionary	Jessie Mumma '06
Membership	Georgia Scott '04
Finance	Mabel Moore '04
Inter-collegiate Relations	Emma Barnett '03
Reception	Elsie Lambert '03
Nominating	Amy Ward '06
Alumnal	Alma Guitner '97
Music	Leo Davis



OFFICERS

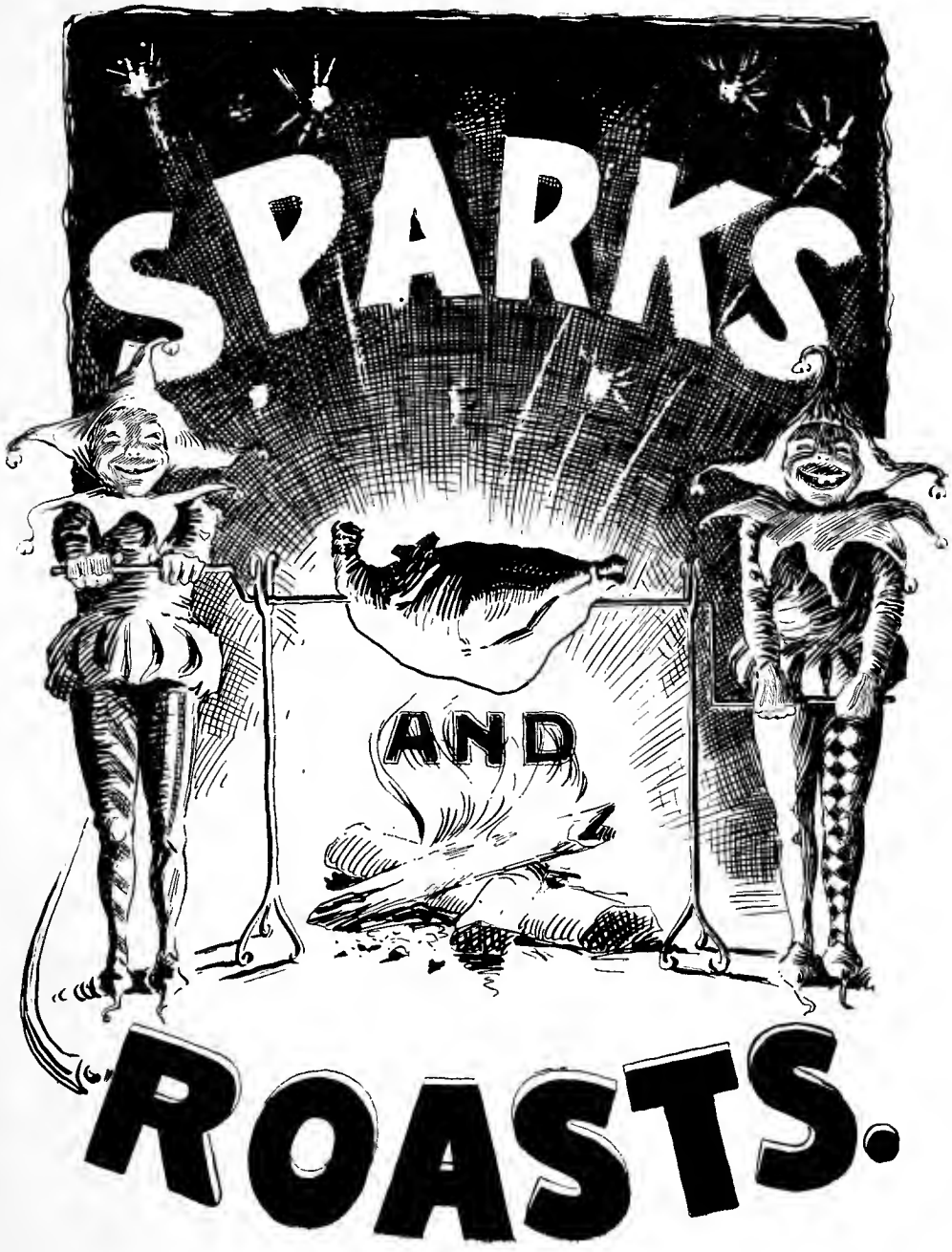
President	C. W. Snyder '03
Vice-President	D. F. Adams '03
Recording Secretary	E. J. Lesher '05
Corresponding Secretary	C. O. Callender '03
Treasurer	C. Judy '03

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Bible Study	W. E. Riebel '03
Devotional	W. N. Deller '05
Membership	P. H. Kanaga '06
Missionary	W. E. Ward '05
Social	B. F. Shively '05
Finance	C. Judy '03
Music	U. B. Brubaker '04
Employment	B. E. Parker '07
Intercollegiate Relations	C. O. Callender '03

The following students have offered their services to the church, and will be sent out next year as missionaries:

W. E. Riebel
Clayton Judy
Charles Snyder
Elsie Lambert
Iva Riebel
Lucie Grantham


SPARKS
AND
ROASTS.

Class Room Notes

Professor McFadden suggests arsenic for the complexion of horses, and for the young ladies of the class.

Sophomore, after seeing Dr. Sanders climb the heights of thought, said:

"Isn't there really danger that sometime on one of those ethereal flights, he'll chaw up his tog' and ne'er return to this terrestrial sphere?"

Prof. Zuck, "Look again Mr. Hewitt maybe you are not reading the answer to my question right."

Georgia Scott in Laboratory, "Get a granulated tube please."

Miss Guitner (to elective German class)—"Joy and sorrow that little word (love) conceals."—And how true that is.

Prof. Zuck,—"I found the word quite misused in quite a number of papers."

Mr. Brubaker in Logic,—"A notion is the inner subjective consciousness."

Dr. Sanders,—"The soul lying asleep like a cat on the rug, not a ripple on the surface."

Dr. Sanders' definition of a phenomenon,—"A cow going up a tree backward."

(French.)

Prof. Sherrick failing to make her appearance at the regular recitation, Mr. Hagar encouragingly wrote on the black board—"Courage, comarode, le diable est mort."

Prof. Wagner's Tests

The following is a sample list of problems which Prof. Wagner gives to his class in Higher Mathematics every month:

1. If Doctor Scott weighs 200 pounds, how old is Prof. Snavely's baby?

2. Have given $a + b = 9$ and $c + d = 12$. Find the equation of Flick's beard.

3. If I (Prof. Wagner) can tell 20 jokes in 10 min., how many will you laugh at in a day?

4. If the juniors score 12 points in a football game, how long will it take the seniors to catch cold?

5. How many pins in a pin-cushion?

6. Find the simple interest of a game of football.

7. If the surface of Adam's head, including his nose, is 200 sq. in., prove that there is nothing in it.

N. B.— Solve any eight in the list.

Concomitants

AUTHORIZED BY DR. SANDERS

Brubaker { Monroe, Shellar, Coover, Truxal

Riebel { ?, E. Lambert, ?

Judy { Riebel, ?, ?

Bookman—Sherrick

Wise—Markley

Swartzel—Collins

Elsie Smith and Grace Key { Weaver, Starkey, Bryant, Van Sickle

Hewitt { Crabbs, Crouse, Dunkelberger, etc.

Yothers { Weinland, Yost, Dunkelberger or Davis

Jessie Mumma { Morain, Kanaga, Demuth

Marguerite Lambert { ?, B. O. Barnes, ?, ?

Wilson—Eva Franks.

B. F. Adams { ?, Hattie Adams, ?, ?

W. E. Ward { Amy Ward, ?, ?

Mamie Groves { Hughes, Altman, Charles

Georgia Scott—Bear

Alice Keister—Just Sardis

Do You Know---

That Judy is a senior?
That Prof. McFadden teaches arithmetic?
That Worstel was football captain?
That the seniors tried to play football?
That Adams graduates?
That Cowan sold a valise?
That Dellar swore?

Our Girls' Ambitions

Meta McFadden — to be swell.
Alice Keister — to be a lawyer's wife.
May Collins — to be heard.
Zoa Munger — to laugh.
Emma Barnette — to run the college.
Elsie Lambert — to be modest.
Letha Rolley — to look pretty.
Josephine Markley — to be a teacher of etiquette.

Time Exposures

It has been reported that Callender and Cowan have lately received offers from Harpers' Magazine as editorial writers. On account of the superb abilities which they displayed on last years' annual. It is to be hoped that they will take a post graduate course at Otterbein, before entering their work.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Sardis Bates,

Attorney-at-Law and Prosecuting Attorney.

References: Webster's dictionary and Prof. Snavely's roll book.

Divorce cases a specialty.

Office: Down at the Barnes Annex. Take elevator to third floor.

Fee: Don't make any noise or dirt. Come and see me, but don't expectorate.

Motto: It is wicked to lie or spit.

Mr. Bailey (to Prof. Miller in the dark hall on the morning of Freshman rush): "Come on, we're going to have the darndest fight you ever saw."

Moral: Excitement cannot be controlled.

Notice.— I now have the agency for the Rising Sun stove polish, manufactured at Rising Sun, Ohio. Prices very cheap.

ALICE A. KEISTER.

Jo. Markley to Mary H.: "O, Mary, if I had only begun to be swell as young as you are, how much sweller I could be now."

Moral: Be what you are.

Nellis writes in his Biology book: "Dick and I had our first quarrel last night; don't know how it will come out, but I hope alright."

Arleta Hendrickson in Laboratory: "Please, can I borrow your tube?"

Altman, not prepared, evades a question in Economics.

Prof.: "Mr. Altman, we are not playing football, and you can not run around the end."

Mr. Wise on March 27: Now I'll take my last, long farewell look

at the campus. This is the way Napoleon gazed on Moscow.

Junior: Did he shed tears?

Mr. Wise: Well, he shed tears when he left Josephine, all right.

Nellie Funks notes in Biology book: "Got to town at 9:30 last night. 'Dick' looks worser than ever. Don't know what I'm going to do."

Moral: Don't tell everything.

Georgia: "When I think about it, I am sure that Sunday is not observed now, as it was when I was young."

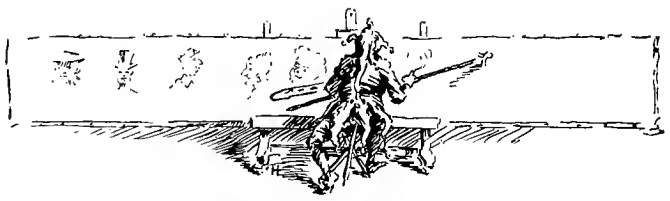
Bookie: "And Moses led the Gentiles out of Egypt."

A MYSTERY.

How can the talkative Cunningham,
Be classed a Senior, say?
And yet be as prep-aired a man
As any one living, pray?

WHOSE MOTTO.

Man was born with wisdom,
In whom it must reside;
Let him who will be learned
Learn not to pony ride.
Endeavor to walk, when up you go,
Read first letters, then you'll know.



Club Etiquette

New students upon matriculating should ask Prof. Scott for a booklet containing the following:

1. Do not pass things, it is impolite.

2. All talk at once. This has been the custom since the tower of Babel was built.

3. Put your elbows on the table lest they grow weary.

4. Eat with your knife. In this way you get more in the same length of time.

5. Sing at the table. It is a good old fashioned Quaker custom.

6. Expressions as please, beg pardon, etc., are subject to heavy fines imposed by the president of the club.

Before engaging board at a club the following vocabulary must be committed:

Bread — Punk.

Crackers — Airy nothings.

Potatoes — Taters.

Meat — Hard Scrabble.

Salmon — Canned Horse.

Dried Beef — Santiago Goose.

Oat Meal — Frizzled Air.

Shredded Wheat — Baled Hay.

Malta Vita — Fricassed Sawdust.

Toasts

To Prexy: —

Here's to the man with massive brain,
And kindness with strictness combined.
May it be his lot forever to gain,
The trust and respect of the student mind.
As at Otterbein in 1903.

To Zuck: —

One glass to our Prof. in literature;
May he ever, as in the past,
Teach the undergrad the language pure,
'Till his wisdom in volumes is massed.

To Cunningham: —

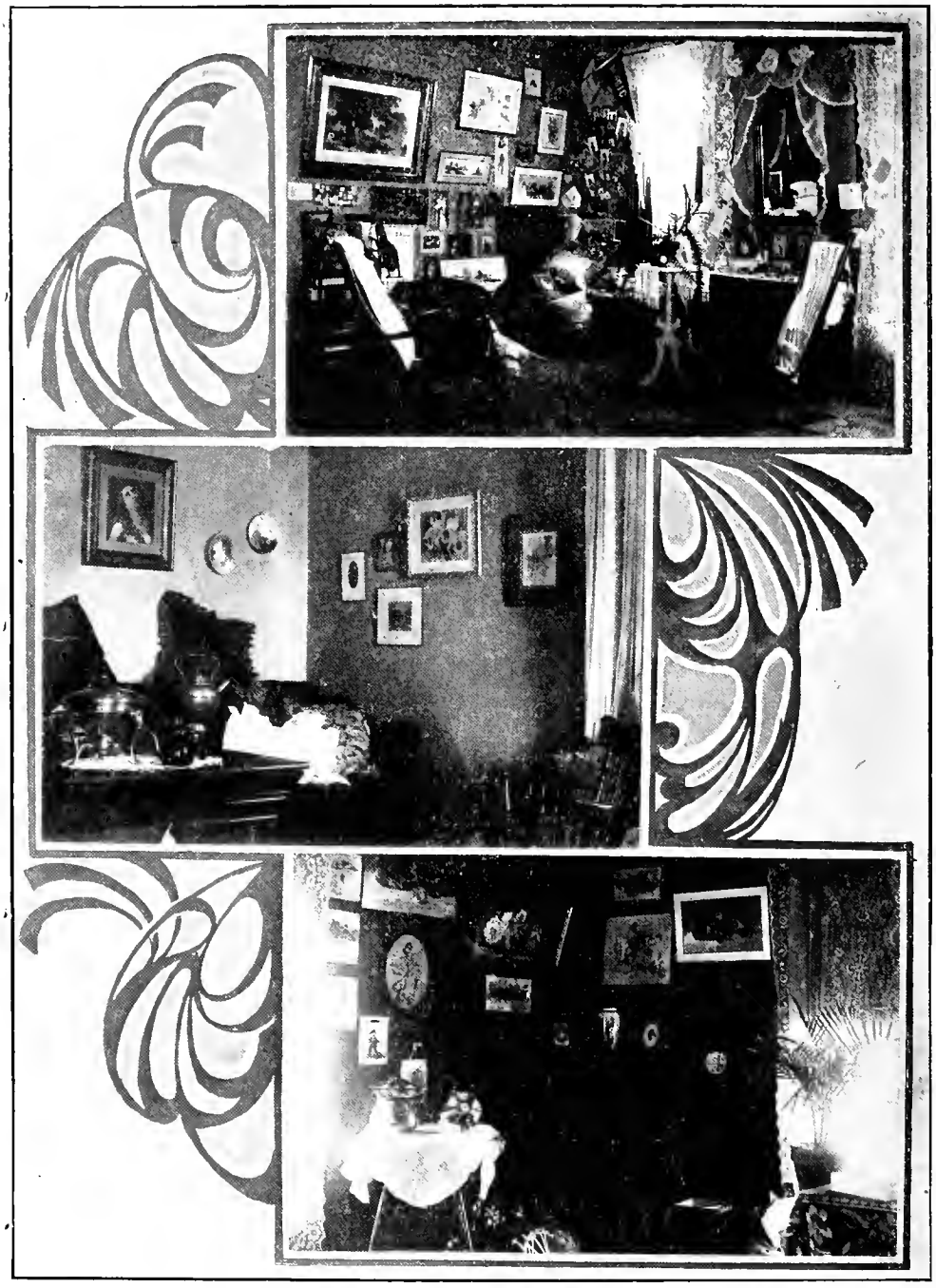
Here's to our dear little Benny,
Of noise and nonsense, he's king;
Not in Otterbein can you find any,
Who can act the dunce, like him.

To Cowan: —

Here's to a man with lots of gall,
You wouldn't think it his biz;
But beware, when you have a nice parasoll,
He's likely to think that it's his.

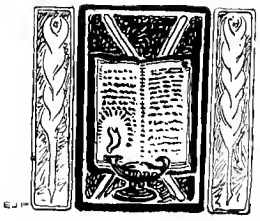
To Seniors: —

Here's to our wise class of 1903,
Of some we cannot approve.
We drink now to your health
And hope you may see
Prosperity Great and Respect and love,
Of all you may chance to meet.



SOME GIRLS' ROOMS

LITERARY DEPARTMENT



Ode to Otterbein University

Oh, Otterbein!
With thy majestic halls,
Unsullied is thy name;
As many as were thy calls,
So many have heard thy claim.

Oh, Otterbein!
Glad hearts rejoice this hour,
A burden's rolled away;
That yielded only to power,
Which fought for many a day.

Fair Otterbein!
Brave hearts have filled thy ranks,
Stout hearts have toiled for thee;
Nor yet were broken, thy flanks
Ere victors sang their glee.

Glad Otterbein!
Let music fill thy halls,
Let sadness take her flight;
Goliath no longer appalls
He rules no more by night.

Great Otterbein!
Anew thy zeal inspire,
New strength has gained, and might;
What thou dids't long desire,
Achieve, for thou hast right.

Oh, Otterbein!
Go on, nor yet delay,
Great things await for thee;
One foe is off the fray,
One more will leave thee free.

Oh, Otterbein!
Thy sons adore thy name,
Oh, Otterbein! thy worth, they know;
With zeal, they speak thy fame,
And love thee here below.

Tale of a Cow

Once upon a time, near the close of the winter term of a school called Otterbein University, one of the learned doctors of said school purchased two cows and being of a big-hearted, benevolent disposition, he very much desired to give some poor, struggling student the advantage of learning practical agricultural science, and incidentally to add to his supply of pin money, by giving him the job of caring for his two bovines.

The matter was suggested to one of the boys, who stated that he had had a wide experience with animals of the milk producing species, and being also desirous of increasing his weekly stipend, he eagerly accepted the proposition, and wended his way to the Doctor's residence one evening to begin his work.

Now the cows which he was to care for were not bad cows in the least, except that one of them had the habit of kicking, hooking, walking about while being milked, throwing her head, and switching her tail. But the boy was not aware of these facts. He commenced the milking task in the usual old fashioned way, but soon the cow made the fact known that she had some new ideas of her own about that particular process, by gently placing her near hind hoof in the bucket. This demonstration of bovine differentiation was not noticed, however, and it was not until she had raised the same vicious pedal extremity a notch higher, and placed it upon the boy's knee, that any fears were felt. But even this did not stop the process. The cow and boy were both determined, but seemingly on different lines of action. One to prosecute; the other to stop the milking act.

No further demonstration of will power was evident for at least ten seconds, and then the silence in the stable became unendurable to the beast, and she raised her murderous hoof still a notch higher and laid it caressingly on the boy's breast. This startled and amused him so that he imagined himself bass drum player in the college band and began to use the cow's ninth dorsal rib as a drum and his own number eleven as drum-sticks. This music brought the learned doctor and his wife to the scene, and they started very kindly to assist the milk man in his troubles. One of them held the cow's head, meanwhile breathing kind and reassuring promises to the excited animal; while the other held her feet. This seemed to sooth her ruffled feelings, for she instantly raised her supple left paw and patted the milk boy on the shoulder with it, but incidentally she

performed this act of amnesty with such force as to send the frightened boy whirling back full length upon the nice, clean floor of the stable. Nothing daunted, this iron-willed student tackled the so far triumphant animal once more, and was doing nicely, when the cow finding that one foot was not sufficient to the work at hand, raised both of her back quarters, planted them squarely in the bucket and sent it flying in a beautiful spiral over her back, liberally distributing the contained milk over the clothing of the Doctor and his wife and the milk-man.

Then the doctor full of righteous dignity asserted his full determination to milk the beast himself. So with many pats and encouraging words, he stooped to the task, but the cow proved that she was no respector of persons, by raising her right back hoof still a foot higher than on preceding occasions and sending the doctor's stiff, well kept derby spinning out through the window. After this episode, the milking of the cow was completed in an astoundingly short period of time.

Now the boy no longer skips about his work with a joyful air, but limps about with a dejected and conquered one. He has a scar on his nose, a broken rib, a bump on his head, a fractured arm and a sprained ankle, supplemented by cuts and bruises entirely too numerous to mention. And he keeps murmuring distractedly to himself.

I have no need of money paid,
For milking vicious cows.
And if much wealth by me is made
'Twill be from killing cows.

Encyclopedia

Prexy: An abbreviation of President. This barbaric contraction probably originated in South America among the savages, and originally meant, the head monkey in a tribe or family.

Point: Two persons who spend not less than one nor more than twenty-four hours per day in each other's company. This word is a peculiar one, it being impossible to attach any etymological derivation to it, and is liable to cause the Prep. much annoyance and embarrassment.

Prof.: A man who has graduated and is paid $1,000 per year to assign lessons and hold finals.

Saum Hall: Aunt Sally's Headquarters.

Football: A game not indulged in at Otterbein in 1902. The main points in the game are to carry a ball, and to kick men. If any man is caught by the referee not doing one of the two the other side scores a touchdown.

Gridiron: The place where football is played.

A Dead Beat: A man who doesn't pay to see the local games. All such may be sentenced to three withering glances from the managers.

A Knocker: A man who does not attempt to aid athletics, but because of a sore spot does all his wicked genius can devise to beat it down.

Coach: The man who is paid $400 to beat the boys around, swear at them, and otherwise make good football men out of them.

Buckeye: The man who unaided except by Cowan tackled Skeel by the ear and made a touchdown for O. W. U.

Club: The place where you help some poor struggling student to pay his current college expenses.

Chapel: Where the Profs. find out if all the sheep are in the herd, or if some are strayed or stolen.

Ramblings

Our faculty met one stormy night;
They summoned all their wrath and might
Prexy had seen a terrible fight —
Between Prepies, Sophs and Seniors.
Prof. Rudy motioned and McFadden opposed;
The struggle was hard 'twixt eyes and nose,
They fussed, how long, nobody knows —
Oh! don't they love each other!

Quoth the Freshman to the Sophomore with a patronizing air,
"Here's a riddle for your wisdom and your wit, surpassing rare:
What's the latest and the prettiest and the swellest thing in town?"
"To be sure," replied the Sophie, "'tis the Senior cap and gown."

I was sitting in my study
  When I heard the hall door close,
And from habit said serenely,
  "Worman's leaving, I suppose."
Then as if in confirmation
  Came a well-known voice just then —
Zoa on the stairway singing,
  "God be with you till we meet again."

Westerville Streets

Oh! the streets, the Westerville streets,
Reviled alike by whomever one meets,
Covered with mud, ten inches thick,
Into which all are likely to stick;
Dirty — muddy — filthy they seem,
Worse than any of which you may dream;
Spotting the skirt of a nice new gown,
Changing the color to its own dark brown;
Westerville streets of unrivaled fame,
Morning and night, 'tis ever the same.

"Oh! the streets, the Westerville streets,"
One after another stops and repeats,
Filled with dismay at the muddy sight
Before their view, on the left, on the right;
Sticking — miring — sinking below,
Slow is their pace as onward they go.
They have no time to be blithe and gay,
Too engrossed are they in choosing their way,
They know too well the strenuous feat,
To safely get through a Westerville street.

Slowly the crowd go stepping along,
Careful to not make a footstep wrong,
And into some hole unhappily fall,
To sink from the sight of one and all;
Bored — provoked — disgusted they meet
At the crossing of a Westerville street;
Provoked at the mud and filth below,
Forgetting to smile as onward they go;
Knowing not how each other to pass
And keep from slipping in that sticky mass.

Once I was all neat and clean, but I fell,
Fell just where, I care not to tell;
Fell in the mire and the filth of the street,
Fell to be muddied from my head to my feet;
Groaning — moaning — dreading to rise,

Dreading to come before any one's eyes,
Wishing the clouds and drawing night
Would hide my sad and sorrowful plight.
Merciful Heaven, was it only a dream
That I left home well dressed and clean!

How I set forth on that fateful day
With an eye bright and cheery, a heart blithe and gay,
Not once dreaming of my oncoming fate,
I slipped and came to that direful state.
Tablet — Iliad — Virgil — all,
Hat and clothing did I soil by that fall;
The dearest friend that might have passed by
Would scarcely have known that it was I;
So covered I was from head to feet
By the mud and filth of that dirty street.

How strange it would seem on some bright day
To rise and find the mud gone away!
How strange it would seem to no longer fear
Treacherous places somewhere near.
Happy — thankful — willing to live,
With only kind words and praises to give
In regard to the streets of this college town,
Already of fame and great renown;
A place that is ever held very dear
By all its friends both far and near.

Muddy and bad as they now appear,
People, despair not! the time draws near
To repair the streets that are now so bad,
And make every one happy and glad.
Sewers — pavements — water works — all,
Are sure to be here before next fall.
All hearts will then be cheerful and gay,
As through the streets they make their way.
The sun in heaven will then smile down
Upon a clean and happy old town.

Vandalism

HARRIS V. BEAR, '03.

One bright morning in October of the year 1902, there appeared in the headlines of a certain journal of the Gem City, in bold type, the significant announcement: "Turbulent Students of Otterbein Suspended for Vandalism."

Among the unruly list were a few of the stalwart sons of the Miami Valley. The inhabitants of this Garden of Eden suddenly awoke to the fact that the young manhood, the very pride of the valley, had tasted of the tree of knowledge of good and evil and had experienced a fall.

These easy-going, peace-loving people stood aghast when they realized the enormity of the crime and were ready to denounce the infamous actions of their unworthy progeny.

Business men left their desks to discuss the probable outcome with their gossiping neighbors. Farmers, leaving their work undone, hastened to the nearest village to receive the latest news of the outrage. Anxious mothers fearing for their unfortunate sons sent messages of mingled love and chastisement.

A gloom o'erspread the country shutting out the brightness of the day and boding ill to the incorrigible reprobates who had brought disgrace to Old Miami. Even that beautiful stream, accustomed to move with scarcely a ripple, wore a troubled aspect.

The single word "Vandalism" had caused all the commotion.

Why did they not stop to reason? Was not the term "vandalism" bad enough in itself and would any system of philosophy have helped the matter? Did they comprehend the meaning of the term? Yes; it was self-defining to them and Noah Webster's version would only have added to the disgrace.

The world knows the rest of the story, but this much has served to introduce our subject.

Should the statement be made that this very spirit of Vandalism, in its broadest sense, has been the actuating force by which modern civilization has developed, the world might at first hesitate to accept it. The explanation is forth coming:

Our dictionaries would have us understand that Vandalism refers to the practice of destroying that which is beautiful or artistic. This the Vandals did in the sacking of Rome. But to the eyes of the one who investigates into the causes which underlie the development of our present civilization, that which the Vandals contributed to humanity, in common with their northern brethren, would have more than offset the destruction of all the works of art which graced the walls of ancient Rome.

Let us take as our definition of Vandalism, "that meddlesome spirit which leads tribes and nations and individuals to interfere where they have no legal right, but a right given them by the best interests of humanity." The once glorious but now inactive Rome fell a prey to the courageous, independent, lawless, savage hordes of Germany. The ignorant tribes of Germany fell a prey to the intelligence, art, literature and general culture of Rome.

As the mingled colors of the painter represents the splendor of the heavens at dawn, so the mingling of these various elements represented the dawning of a glorious civilization which would be imperfect were it lacking in a single one of these components.

Drummond has written his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," why does some one not write of the "Natural Law in the Political World?"

There are demagogues and usurpers, tyrants and despots, hypocrites and political bosses, men without principle, who work to the detriment of the governed, but through it all the doctrine of "The Survival of the Fittest" has brought "order out of chaos," and by long process of development the savage man has become civilized.

Before the descent of the barbarian tribes of the North, Rome had interfered in Grecian politics and had combined the government of Rome with the culture of Athens. "Athens, the eye of Greece," contributed to the making of Rome, the eye of the world. This same nation had interfered in Christ's kingdom across the sea, and from Jerusalem came the germ of the Christian religion.

The Roman people were over-confident. They thought that "When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall, and when Rome falls — the world." But not so, for Rome's loss was the world's gain. The mighty Charlemagne of the middle ages took as his four foundation stones, the culture of Athens, the jurisprudence of Rome, the pure religion of the "Holy City," the rugged endurance and tenacity of his own people, and herewith built a bridge across the chasm of the Dark Ages.

The influence of Charlemagne was uplifting and ennobling, but he

liked to interfere in the affairs of other people. He went so far as to dictate a method of worship to his German brethren across the Rhine. As the sword made possible the sway of the crescent in Mohammedan countries, so, at the sword's point, these people were compelled to kneel at the cross of Christ. We question his method and his right, but we do not question the results to humanity.

This mighty empire served its purpose and vanished as a dream. It shared the fate of its illustrious predecessors, but all of it that was good survived and participated in the making of the next higher step in the scale of civilization. Paris as the successor of Rome was in its turn succeeded by London. As the Vandals swept down into the city of the Tiber accompanied by the Goths and Franks, Burgundians and Suevians, so the city of the Thames became the common center of Danes and Northmen, Picts and Scots, Angels and Saxons.

This new city and country was a product of the contributions of Jerusalem and Athens, Rome and Paris, together with the unexcelled virtues of our wild forefathers of the North.

But strange to say, these very people, to whom the world stands so much indebted, were guilty of many crimes.

These invading hosts came unasked and without legal right. They destroyed and defaced, robbed and plundered with all the fury of savage demons. In the face of this awful tale, we look back and exclaim: "It was all for the glory of the human race."

England reached the supremacy and she maintained it in many bloody battle fields. Read the later history of Europe and you might imagine yourself watching the quarrels of some big children. Each one has proved herself a "meddlesome Matty," ready to peep in the teakettle did the others turn their backs for a minute.

When old world politics would no longer satisfy, the new world afforded a good field for prying dispositions. As it has been expressed, "Westward the star of empire takes its course."

The red men of the forest awoke one morning to find themselves outcasts from their "happy hunting grounds." The time-honored bow and arrow vanished before the leaden bullets of avaricious visitors. The "Home, Sweet Home," of the Indian became the fighting ground of Europe, and to-day an occasional war whoop in the far west is all that is left to remind us of the aborigines of America.

This hardly seems morally right, and we are certain that there was nothing legal about it. But just as sure as it is right for civilization

to advance, just so sure is it right that that which blocks its progress should be cleared away.

We, to-day, boast of the highest type of civilization where four hundred years ago Indian savagry predominated.

We have inherited that same officious spirit which characterized our ancestors across the ocean, and we use it to guard the best interests of the human race.

The "Monroe Doctrine" does not arise from constitutional authority nor international agreement, but nevertheless the Old World recognizes our right of interference and leaves the welfare of the American countries under our protection. We had no legal right to rescue the Gem of the Antilles from the throes of Spanish tyranny, nor send an invading fleet into Manila Bay, but our sympathy for a downtrodden people demanded that we strike a blow in defence of our distressed neighbor.

Devastation followed in the wake of war. Fleets were sent to the bottom of the sea, works of art and beauty were demolished, brave men fell before the lead and steel of opposing forces, but no one denies that the establishment of the principles for which we fought has been for the benefit of mankind.

Then when a man or nation is accused of Vandalism in the narrow sense of destroying the beautiful and artistic, shall we not examine farther to see if he deserves the credit of being termed a Vandal in the broader sense?

Vandalism with this extended meaning did not originate with the Vandals in the sacking of Rome, but back in the Garden of Eden when man's curiosity won a victory over his better judgment, and while in that case it was the cause of man's fall, with us it is a redeeming factor in the world's civilization.

An Episode

Come all ye friends and I'll tell you
of six bold preps from old O. U.
How they to pent up spirits gave vent
And made a raid on Shrock's Sugar
Camp.

First of all then, they planned the
raid
Unto the Camp, and so it was made;
Nor did they think about the blow
Kind fortune would on them bestow.

Could you have seen them going along
Hearts all aglow and lips full of song,
As down the railroad track they went,
Running with swiftness round the
bent,
Leaped o'er the fence and into the
place,
Each cheek being tingled by the race
Since all had come on a goodly pace.

Panting and blowing they reached
the camp,
On tasting the syrup they were bent,
Stood for a moment to plan a scheme
To enter the camp, and not be seen;
Longingly gazing at the lasses inside
Enter they would whatever betide.

Where they might enter was the
great task,
And get that molasses in yonder cask,
"I'll tell you boys," one was heard
to say,
There's a hole in the roof, by which
we may
Enter that room, without delay.

Lost in 'lasses, they forgot where they were,
Elated with taffy they did not stir;
Suddenly a voice from without was heard
Hearts loudly throbbed, and fluttered like a bird,
Each looked about and lo, there on a rock,
Right before the Camp, stood old man Shrock.

A dash was made for the opening then,
Such consternation was not in their plan,
Hence each one looked to himself, and ran.

Up they came, each one with a pail,
Leaving some clothing on a nail,
Right into the hands of Shrock one fell
In fright and horror, his name I'll not tell
Choked by the throat till a vow he made,
Henceforth no more taffy he would take.

Now these bold preps a lesson did learn,
One which will help them round many a turn;
And if these lines you'll carefully read,
Each name you'll find, 'tis true indeed.
But do not blame the boys of O. U.
Lest the very next victim might be you.

Nineteen Rules for General Behavior

By William Gillette, the Playwright Actor.

1. Try to avoid things in general.
2. If you MUST think, do it as quietly as possible.
3. Don't be any more than you can help.
4. Try to be different some way — no matter about the way — just be different.
5. Bear in mind that it is generally wrong to do right.
6. Avoid being too anything in particular.
7. Be careful not to remember how it was.
8. Never insist on having your own way — just have it — and let the matter drop.
9. You will save yourself a great deal of trouble by taking things about as they are, instead of trying to make something else of them.
10. Be generous before you are just — otherwise you will never be generous at all.
11. Don't try to appear things. It's tiresome and you probably don't appear so.
12. Never take anything as an indication. Nine times out of ten it isn't.
13. Try not to have views. They are very distressing, especially to others.
14. Endeavor to like each other, but if you can't — don't.
15. Be very much as you are — other people will attend to the business of being something else.
16. Don't do anything 'till you do it.
17. Remember that it's always just as well not to say anything about it.
18. Try not to think before you speak. If you do, you won't speak — and how horrid that would be.
19. Don't have your principles so high you can't reach them. (That's why these are so good.)

Pen Portraits

The first bell had rung, when I left my room and hastened to join the crowd of students already gathered about the entrance of the college, waiting for the last summons to chapel. From every direction you might see students hurrying down the different paths leading to the main building; and here and there scattered among the crowds could be seen a professor, on his way to prayers. As the last bell begins to ring I am carried along with the crowd into the long hall leading to the chapel.

I enter with the others and just have time to take my seat, when a man of dignified demeanor rises, and with quivering voice announces the opening hymn. He is a middle aged man with hair and mustache well mixed with gray. He is serious enough now, but he likes fun himself, especially if he can have it at the expense of another. But beware, if he prays with his hand to his face, you are likely to receive a hearty invitation to visit him in his office, for, on close inspection, you can see a gray eye faithfully on guard.

During the song we glance to the left of the room. Here we see a dignified heavy-set man, busily engaged in marking the roll. He has black hair and eyes and wears a dark gray suit. His face is seldom lighted by a smile, and it may even be stern in appearance, but its very outline shows to us a strong and capable man.

Naturally, we then turn our eyes to the other side of the room, we find here a man almost the opposite in personal appearance to the one just described. He is small, with light eyes, and with hair, which is sprinkled sparingly over the top of his head. His voice is small and pitched in high C, but we must not consider him small in every respect for in that small head he carries a large brain.

After the hymn is finished a tall, dark man rises and reads the Scripture lesson for the morning. He has black hair and his French beard and long mustache are a dark brown. His high forehead and overhanging eyebrows mark him as a man of deep thought and concentration. His eyes are very dark, and at times seem to penetrate to your innermost soul. He has a strong face, yet there is nothing severe in its outline;

it rather shows a man of unlimited patience. He is noted for the deep and earnest talks, which he occasionally gives his classes. Never once while that piercing eye is upon you does your attention waver, but you only fear lest you may not be able to follow him in his thoughts.

During the next hymn we will try and give a hasty review of the other professors. Over in the amen corner sits a tall, dark man with black hair and eyes. He is our Ex-President and a very learned man. There he sits deep in thought, perhaps he is thinking of that living, throbbing, pulsating, palpitating organism, or it may be he is just recovering from that severe pain which the misconduct of some student has caused him. By his side sits an old man somewhat bent with age, but still faithful to his duty. The financial affairs of Otterbein are safe in his keeping.

In the rear of the room we see a man with hair and beard almost turned to gray, and with bluish gray eyes, which look at you over the top of a pair of nose glasses. He is our learned English professor and we predict that in the future we shall hear more of his famous "Book of Job."

Here we find also a small man. He is of the fair type. His blue eyes are usually twinkling, for he is a great lover of jokes. During chapel exercises he may be seen looking around, for his saying is "Some must watch and some must pray," and the watching falls to his lot.

On a chair by the door back of the music students may be seen a man with several large scars on his face. And his gold teeth are equally noticeable. He finds it very hard to master the English language and some of the forms of his native tongue still cling to him. When instructing four young ladies how to go on the stage, he said, "The ladies will please go the stage up in pairs together." He is very polite, and with his friendly salute welcomes all he happens to meet.

ART ROOM
Prize Picture—Frank Hager

At the other door sits a tall man with light hair and dark brown eyes. He is very distinguished looking and his general appearance gives one the idea that he is a genuine up-to-date professor. He wears a light gray sack coat and dark trousers. He seems to be very busy and may be seen almost any hour of the day with four or five books under his arm walking rapidly between the science hall and the main building.

On the rear seat of the north side, we will find the rest of our illustrious faculty. At the end of the seat sits a short heavy-set young lady, with her dark brown hair combed back plainly from her little round face. Her eyes are almost a blue. She is a great friend of the girls, most of whom know her intimately. She lives in town, and is a former graduate of Otterbein.

In comparison to her we see a tall lady professor. She has a dark complexion and her hair and eyes are a dark brown. She wears a gray jacket suit with a severe black walking hat. By her walk you would say she was very independent, [and she does not even bow her head during devotional exercises.] At the other end of the seat sits a small man. He has gray hair and blue eyes and wears glasses. This professor spends most of his time at the science hall. A better Scientist [and Mathematician?] can not be found any where.

But as I look around I feel that something is lacking. Oh, yes, it is our fleshy, jolly vocal professor, who is still out of voith.

But the song has ended and after a few announcements by the President, we are dismissed to our various classes.

Voting Time

Oh, somewhere in this land of ours
The sun is shining bright,
And somewhere maids are happy,
And somewhere hearts are light.
But you can not fail to see it —
If you take the pains to note —
That there is no joy in Otterbein,
When the boys go home to vote!

Johnny Temple Tells His Mamma About the Class Foot Ball Game

Hello Mamma! I was down to see the football game. What a time it was! The juniors and freshmen played the rest of the school. And gee the way they whalloped that crowd was something awful. Before the game, the sophomores and business boys were saying "they'd do 'em," "they'd wipe the ground with 'em," but they got beat on two touch ups. They had A, B, C and D for their signs where to run, when they had the ball, so the "preps" and business boys could understand 'em. Before the game they had a primer lesson up back of the "gym" so that the "preps" wouldn't forget their A, B, C's. 'En down on the field they came looking just like "gran-ma's" half-baked apple-dumplings. Their crowd, they yelled something about what the "Rabucks" would do to the J and Fs, but "jist" as soon as they were through "yellin'," the J and F girls sang about the "sophs" being slow and about the Juniors "succeedin'," or "bustin'," an you couldn't hear a "soph" or "prep" after that. When the coach blowed the whistle fer the game to begin every man was down to his place and don't you think, the very first whack, the freshmen and juniors plowed the other fellows noses in the mud, and down the field they went. The sophomores couldn't hold 'em worth a cent. They plowed up the ground just like Sam Johnson's spring "toose" harrow, each one's nose being a "toose," but they went backwords instead of forwords. And the next thing they knowed, Sardy Bates carried the ball right through them for a touch up. 'En if the J and F's didn't yell. Ben Cunningham tryed to get his crowd to yell but when he looked around some were standin' down at the other end of the field and some behind the old back stop. Just as soon as the ball was kicked off again Ira Flick got it and up the field he went. And don't you think, when that big tackler on the sophomore side couldn't get through the line, he lost his temper, and hit the tackler on the other side. But that man just brought his big arms around against his face until his "teese" rattled; 'en the big tackler

stepped back and didn't say anything. That red-faced man, you know who I mean, Mamma, he gets mad in a ball game, played the best game for the sophomores. He kept time and when the J and F's had the ball about to the goal line with a minnit to play he said time's up so that they couldn't get another touch-up. See 'em people going through that alley? 'Em's sophomores and seniors. They don't want to be seen. Down there go the juniors and freshmen. The band's "a-playin" "The sophs were slow and had to go" and the rest are marching along "singin it." Did you hear that fellow over there? That's Wise. He just said the game oughtn't to have been played because it would make ill feelings among the students. But you know how castor oil tastes jist after you swallow it. Twelve to nothing is hard to swallow.

Matrimonial Firms

Mabel and Louis.
Alice and Sard.
Francis and Tom.
Mary and Nellis.
Deeder and Bookie.
Mary and Eddie.
Georgia and Harris.
Mary and Spike.
Una and Frank.
Mary and Scott.

The midnight winds were howling drear,
When the sound of music smote the air
And wakened the maiden's father there.
"She sleeps, my lady sleeps," they sang;
Then up from his peaceful couch Prof. sprang,
Flung open the window and thrust out his head,
"Be gone, and let her sleep!" he said.

Divine Intervention

Many theological writers frequently use the terms "divine intervention," and occasionally "divine interposition." Previous thinking had been so different, that when this was found, there was a feeling of surprise, and a recanvass of the subject was made.

I cite from but one author. Pope, in his Theology, Vol. I, pp. 62 and 64 makes the following statements: "Miracle is the intervention of the Supreme Power in the established course of nature," * * * Prophecy is the intervention of supreme knowledge, imparted to man independently of the ordinary laws of knowledge."

"Inspiration is that supernatural intervention of Divine wisdom by which the miracle of prophecy is made permanent in the organic unity of Scripture."

Speaking of the above three, he says; "They imply, indeed they assert, the being of God, and his intervention for objects, and in a manner before which reason sinks confounded." * * * "If there is a Personal God, there can be no *a priori* reason why He should not interfere with His own laws." * * * "Now we have an equally firm faith operating as a primary law of thought that an omnipotent Being can, if He will, put forth His finger and regulate in a new way laws the general order of which He does not violate." * * *

"The grandest miracles which are the credentials of revelation are in the substance of the revelation itself. Very many of the extraordinary interpositions it records are not bound up with the nature and purpose of the economy of God's redeeming will, but have miraculous attestations of individual missions."

These quotations are sufficient to show the prevailing conception of this subject. This is the view of the world and of God's relation to it usually taken. To this view I must humbly and respectfully demur. I must refuse to call any action of God in nature intervention.

Says Rev. Alvah S. Hobart, D. D., in a reprint in the *Quarterly Review* of the United Brethren in Christ, department of education: "We do not consider it heresy to say that statements of religious doctrine may need

to be recast, with some shrinkage. Paul taught us that whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away, for we know in part only. This age is as competent to *remake* statements as a former age was to make them."

So our aim is toward a *real orthodoxy*. There must be harmony between reason and revelation. The world is grounded in reason, so the mind of man, and God is the Absolute Reason, the ground of both. Christianity is a kind of universal teaching and training of the mind to think according to reason. It teaches by authority the view-of-the-world that reason thinks. It can thus be the only universal religion.

God cannot be separated from nature and natural law. Every natural law is but the manifestation of the orderly and rational operation of one omnipresent Personal Will. There was a time when nature and natural law were not.

They were first ideal, then real. They are thus the thought of God, the speech of God, the design, the benevolent design of God, *manifested*. As the mill-pond, on a beautiful June day, reflects from its glassy surface the infinite azure overhead, and the fleecy clouds that in it float like phantom ships, and all around it the grass, the shrubs, the trees, the ivy-clad rocks, and the abandoned old mill, so nature and natural law reflect the thought and design of God. Grounded in reason and filled with thought is the world. It is an important self-revelation of God. As we think the thought of the world, we think the thought of God.

Standing on this hither side of creation, reading and interpreting its thought, we are able to see through it, idealizing it in our thought, as did Jehovah in the beginning standing on the yonder side.

It becomes, thus, as it were, a great transparency, on which God reveals Himself, as do actors by shadows that are cast by lights that are from behind.

But nature is filled with force and law.

> "Every clod feels a stir of might
> An instinct within it that reaches and towers
> And, groping blindly above it for light,
> Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

This makes the whole world to pulsate with life, and such is the rythm and melody as to equal the music of the spheres. Natural law is not, as we have been accustomed to think, a thing, a kind of personality, a cause, either primary or secondary; it never took the initiative, or brought some things to pass that before did not exist. Changes are not

brought about by law, but by *force,* and the uniform way in which the force is expended and work done, is the *law.* Back of all force and cause, is will, and, save that of secondary self-activity and self-cause, as in man, is, the Will of God. The universe transfigured would read:—*motions, force, will,* or *God.*

Every so-called natural law is God's law,—one of the uniform ways in which He is ever active and operative in the universe. These are uniform because with Him there is neither variableness nor shadow that is cast by turning. The force and law are universal, because He is omnipresent. Wherever these forces are, there He is. God is just as surely present in the opening of a bud, and the sparkling dew-drop, as in quaking, smoking, thundering Sinai, or Niagara's roaring river. The fact that He operates in an orderly way only helps to prove Him a God of Reason, and not a monster of caprice.

Says Tennyson in his "Higher Pantheism."

> "God is law, say the wise; O soul, and let us rejoice,
> For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice."

Joseph Cook once said that as a glove without a hand in it, so was natural law without a God behind it. Nature is not God, but he fills it and thrills it with his presence. He pervades it and pulsates through it. He illuminates it with the glory of His presence. With enlightened conception, we see every force as of spiritual origin. The whole cosmic order is a spiritual order; all nature is bathed in a light that never was seen on sea or shore. "The glory of setting suns, with all its splendor is now only a dwelling-place for the universal spirit; the infinite variety of nature only the garment we know Him by." Every bush becomes a burning bush, aflame with God's presence, all ground, holy ground.

> "Our common daily life divine,
> And every land a Palestine
> "God's love and blessing then and there
> Are now, and here and everywhere."

God created, and now upholds, energizes, and guides all worlds. He is ever active. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." He does not energize this world and all worlds by law, but by the might of His power, in an orderly way. By the power of spirit over matter, akin to the power of the will upon the motor nerves. God, so to speak, magnetizes the material universe, holding atom to atom, molecule to molecule,

and worlds in their accustomed orbits. We are not pantheistic, but theistic. We believe in an imminent theism. Side by side of the divine imminency, is the divine transcendency.

God is not outside of nature and natural law, only as He fills, and infinitely transcends them.

The universe is not a mechanism, wound up in the beginning, set a going under rigid and inexorable law, and only now and then interfered with by a transcendent God. Neither is the universe run by intermediate potencies or secondary causes. He who puts side by side divine imminency and divine transcendency must reject the thought of nature ever being conceived of as independent of God, or God being conceived as outside nature, he must refuse to represent the action of God in nature as intervention. There can be no intervention, unless we conceive of God as outside of nature. On the track is a powerful locomotive engine drawing a passenger train westward; for sufficient reason the engineer reverses his engine and pushes the train backwards. This is not intervention, but a rational use of power. If, on the other hand, we have a toy engine and train speeding away westward, and we put forth our hand and stop it and turn its wheels backwards, that is intervention.

A boy is turning a grind-stone from left to right. For sufficient reason, he turns it backwards, that is not intervention. If some other one steps up and puts his hand upon the stone and turns it backward, that is intervention.

This gives us a new and richer view of Providence and miracle, and brings us into the immediate presence of God.

T. J. Sanders.

Cunningham's Thesis

Subject: "The immortality of the soul as taught by the ancient Greeks and as compared with the English poets."

I realize at the outset that my subject is much larger than my thesis will be. In two principal ways:

First: In length, because I do not think that it is necessary to expound and sagaciate to any superfluity upon such a simple question.

Second: My subject is much larger than the thought which I present. I am not a Socrates or a Longfellow or to come down to the present time, I am not — a man — who has won fame in diagnosing the great questions of the immortality of the soul, as our learned *professor* in our own college. I am simple little Benny, only trying to explain questions which many great men have been unable to solve.

My question is very obvious i. e. very easily understood. Do you know, kind sirs, that the Greeks believed the soul to be immortal. Whittier say so, Confucius says so, *I* say so.

I know, that is, I realize that I ought to have taken a subject more in accord with my depth of intellect. Such questions as the immortality of the soul, can interest some minds which have never been trained to deep thought. But for me "She hath no charm."

I am a preacher, i. e., I talk—about spiritual things, and I believe as did the great minds of ancient times that the soul is immortal. Of course you believe this, but Doctor Sanders wants our Thesis so that it can be stored away in the library, and be a contribution to literature. So I thought I would tell this illustrious, that is, this learned Christian world that the soul is immortal. Thus adding to the world's stock of knowledge.

I did not intend to discuss this question to such a great length, as I told you before, or with such profoundness. But I could not stop, and then my mind is so accustomed to deep psychological, that is rational thinking, that pure thoughts roll from me, just like mud from Westerville streets.

I would like to tell you more on this question, but I always was like the man after whom I was named: "I always say the right word at the right time, and then stop when I have said all I know."

A Bachelor's Meditations

Well, here I am sitting under the same tree that sheltered me when I was a boy: listening to the wind rattling the dry leaves: watching the shadows, made by the Sun shining down between the branches, chase one another before my vision: Phantoms of my thoughts. And a little bird, flitting from limb to limb, caroling a sweet song, brings happy thoughts to my mind. Towards my left I can see the little brook winding its devious course through the valley, just as it did in years past: and over to my right I discern the mountains rearing their snow-covered tops so high that they perfectly blend with the sky, making as it were a path far up into space.

Everything just as it was when free from care, I roamed these fields Then I was a happy boy, and could enjoy nature. But, as the forests have been cut down, and the rivers spanned, and the fields cultivated, thus changing the whole face of nature, so my pure boy thoughts have changed, until now I am a hard-hearted-old-bachelor, a despiser of woman.

But let me see, how did it happen that I once an ambitious boy have so changed? My early companions have all embarked on the sea of matrimony, but I, at 40, am as far from sea as it would be possible for me to get.

Was it on account of my personal appearance? No, I think not, for I remember that I was classed among the handsome chaps when I was at college. College? Oh, yes, that is where I passed the happiest days of my life. There was the place I met Helen, she who for a brief time made me the happiest of men and then by a word, turned the whole course of my life, yes, she it was who started me on the downward road towards "Bachelordom."

Does it seem possible that one as refined as she, would place money above honor, above conscience, above love. I, a poor boy, rejected because my coffers were not full. Yes, I was poor then, but now, oh you deceitful women, how you would worship my very footsteps, if you knew that in yon house lies enough money to purchase a kingdom. Yes, you would worship me as a priest. Such is the depth of woman's love, and woman's devotion.

"No man can live a right life, unless he has been chastened by a

woman's love and guided by her discretions."

It is certainly a poet's dream. No man who has enjoyed his solitude would venture such a remark.

It seems to me far better to be surrounded by my money, to see it glisten as the noon-day sun shines upon it, and to hear the music of its rattle, music far sweeter to my ear than a mother's lullaby. I say it is far better to be thus surrounded, than to be governed by a woman's vacillating whims and overdrawn fancies.

Miser? You call me a miser? A foolish man, because I think thus? Yes, call me a miser if you wish. I do love my solitude, my quiet, my money, ten times more than woman's will.

They even venture to say that I am cruel, that some woman is mourning her life away; some lady with silvery locks is now sitting, meditating over what her life might have been, if God in all his wisdom had not seen fit to create such a thing as a bachelor. But, to whom, my friends, must I place the blame? To myself because I was born poor, or to woman, because of her ways, always fickle, always inconsistent, always undecided?

But why do I meditate thus, while nature is in all its glory. Even the robin is more happy than I. Its days are spent in song and love. With what a great feeling of reverence it stands by the side of its mate. Its little throat sends forth melodies that ruffle my conscience, and then with more pride than I, Bachelor that I am, can boast of, it views its new born babes. Every animal in the universe has a mate. God has so arranged it, that even the lowest of his earthly creatures has a companion.

The rose is double and not single: the plant kingdom could not exist without pairs: even the trees are not as one. Why, it does seem as if God never intended us to be single. If he has given animals instincts which leads them to the choice of a partner, certainly, man, the greatest of his creation, a rational being, is intended to use his rationality in the choice of a companion.

But then I forgot, there are divorces; what is marriage any way? Oh, it is simply an agreement to agree as long as possible, then to disagree and be divorced. A solemn compact entered into, without anything being said to the length of its duration; a coupon certificate with the privilege of detaching the coupon. How unholy marriage has become.

The Bible says, "Those whom God has joined, let no man separate," but man's revised edition improves it by adding, "Those whom man unites, let anything, even rolling pins separate."

It would be far better for us if we would be as the humorist was.

After he had united a happy couple under a large tree, during severe weather, he said:

"Under this tree in stormy weather,
I marry this man and woman together.
Let none but he who rules the thunder,
Cast this man and woman asunder."

But again my mind wanders to nature. I see the tender sapling shoot forth. It grows up, sending forth its branches until its head rises above the surrounding forest, all the trees are destroyed around it, but still it stands, vindictive of its fallen companions, an emblem of its own strength, a monument to self-dependence.

The youth comes forth surrounded with men, he grows to manhood surpassing all companions, but still he stands, a bachelor, a remnant of self, with a pinnacle of self-determination.

Yes, and the new woman, she, who knocks the deceit out of all men, making it difficult to determine the dividing line between the purity of sex. Always looking fresh, just as if she hasn't a care in the world.

But woman if you want to vote, vote. It is your perfect right to do so. Yes, it is your duty. And the time is coming when illiterate men will not have more power than intelligent, thoughtful women.

Woman, proceed with your work, you it is who fight the great battles of life. You hold the destinies of nations in your hand. Empires rise and fall according to your teachings.

Man may be handsome, but you alone are beautiful, he may be good, but none other than you are pure. Your thoughts are higher than ours can possibly be, you are further removed from the gross instincts of a brutal world, and approach more nearly the infinite and divine. In your tongue is the law of kindness, beware less it become the weapon of deceit.

Dr. Homes declares, "I would have a woman as true as death. At the first real lie which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for a governess, and feed on strange fruits which shall make her all over again even to her bones and marrow."

Woman above all things be pure and sincere. "The brain women never interest us like the heart women: White roses please less than red."

Such meditations must stop or I will be woman's friend the first I know, for with the poet even I, an old Bachelor, must say, "God bless all good women. To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come, at last."

Some Original Sayings of Prof. R. H. Wagoner

1. If we valued others as we value ourselves, banks would go out of business.

2. A man who is wrapped up in self needs an overcoat.

3. If you imagine you are a saint run for office.

4. People that are self-made often feel that they ought to sue themselves for malpractice.

5. Many who think they have big heads do have—cabbage heads.

6. Those who snarl at religion, give evidence that they have forgotten mother.

7. The fairer sex may be angels, but the Devil often appears in disguise.

8. Sedentary pants generally indicate that a man is set in his habits.

9. Because you are fully six feet two is no evidence that men should look up to you.

10. Despise not a man because he is slow to learn, even thieves pick up things quickly.

11. He who would overcome difficulties in life must first learn to master trifles.

12. If "Tears are dew drops of the soul" many suffer from drought.

13. Success is the premium which God puts on opportunity.

Hanging in the Balance

One of the most picturesque spots in all Northern Michigan is the rapids known as Chandler's Falls. Situated in the "Rushing Escanaba" as the poet describes it and about six miles above the city of that name. The renown of Hiawatha's wanderings about this region render it almost worthy of the name of an historic place. For rugged grandeur of its rock structure, the beauty of its lofty cliffs on either side and the gradual descent of the rapids for almost a quarter of a mile culminating in a cataract some thirty or forty feet in width, and several feet high, making it appear like a miniature Niagara; this spot cannot be surpassed for a restful, delightful trip.

So thought my friend Max and I as we sat on the rocks near the falls one beautiful Sabbath in July, and viewed the splashing, foaming waters and massive cliffs with a feeling of unmingled pleasure and belief that it was good for us to be here. We were each working in the city with scarcely any time to claim as our own and for several weeks had been planning this Sabbath afternoon visit and pleasure excursion on our wheels as a little recreation from the monotonous routine of daily work.

I sat for some time on the edge of the rapids, feasting my eyes on the beauties of Nature all around me, Max in the meantime taking a splash in the pleasant waters, swimming up almost into the falls itself then permitting the force of the water to carry him down stream. After a while desiring to explore a little farther and obtain a view of the rapids from above we climbed up the side of the cliff where it was somewhat irregularly formed on the west side and walked along the upper edge. While we were thus engaged, stopping occasionally to pick the raspberries which grew there in abundance, we were suddenly aware of the sound of voices. Naturally, of course, we were startled, and listened intently. We were at first unable to locate the sound, but afterward found that there was a deep crevice formed in the joints of the rock and owing to the peculiar formation of the rock the water had washed out a deep niche or cavern in one side of it, thus affording an excellent hiding place. But imagine the terror which filled us when we overheard a part of the con-

versation, which was to the effect that a daring robbery was contemplated that evening, upon the night express, which carried the pay for the ore mines some distance north. The robbers were to flag the train at a little station near this place, make their raid on the express car and escape. Of course, this startling piece of intelligence was enough to arouse almost anyone, and naturally, our first thought was to run as quickly as possible and do our best to thwart the robbers' plans. But unfortunately, Max in turning to go, stepped upon an old limb, breaking it, and making a noise which attracted the attention of the gang, who almost before we knew what had happened, were upon us. I counted six burly, rough, desperate looking men coming quickly from their hiding place, one of whom struck me a heavy blow on the head with a piece of rock, and that was the last I knew for some time. * * *

When I regained consciousness I found myself entirely alone and in complete darkness. I was lying with my face upward, and felt that my hands were bound behind me around the trunk of a tree, and what was worse, I felt a peculiar shaking of the tree which seemed to indicate that it was resting upon nothing. Far beneath, I heard the roaring of the water as it thundered over the falls, and the full horror of my situation then dawned upon me. I was bound to that tree and suspended out over the rushing waters some seventy-five feet beneath. The men had bound me to this tree and had pushed the top end of it out over the cliff. Whether it was intentional or accidental, I do not know, but certain it was that the end to which I was bound had rolled so far, that it just balanced the end lying on the cliff, so that the fearful danger of my position can scarcely be imagined. The least disturbance of the tree would send it headlong down into the rushing waters. In my frenzy I gave a sudden lurch to free myself, and thus did what the robbers had, no doubt, planned for me—I fell head downward with the tree into the foaming cataract. One or two of the top branches of the old pine were all that saved me. These kept me from being precipitated into the water, and somewhat lessened the force of the shock, which at the same time loosened one of my hands, thus enabling me to free myself from the tree. The heavy end of the tree in falling, toppled over and landed against the opposite cliff, and this gave me my only possible chance of escape. With the surging waters all about me I crawled upward along the trunk until I reached the end, then with the utmost difficulty by working foot-holes in the weathered side of the cliff, I at length reached the edge almost exhausted. As fast as my strength would permit I groped my way

through the woods to the bridge about a half mile north. Fortunately, we had hidden our wheels near the bridge, so they had not been taken. As quickly as possible I hastened to the railway station about a mile distant, and gave the alarm just in time to prevent the train from stopping at the station, thus defeating the plan which we had overheard in the afternoon.

I stayed at the station all that night, being perfectly willing to rest awhile after my continued exertions. Max was not found until the next morning when a searching party was sent out after him. He was about as nearly exhausted as I. They had bound and gagged him and tied him hand and foot to a tree in the middle of the woods, about a half mile from the falls. We each took a vacation from our work on that Monday and spent the time in resting and recovering from our fearful experiences of the day before. I have been to Chandler's Falls since that time, but never do I see that old pine leaning against the east cliff without recalling the experiences of that fearful night, and thinking of myself suspended in mid-air with my future in the balance. C. R. B., '03.

A Bunch of Noise

"Benny" Cunningham.
"Sardy" Bates.
May Collins.
Louis Weindand.
"Bookie" Bookman.
"John" Smith.

Misfits

Flashman in Prof. Newman's room.
Helmstetter in Sophomore Bible.
Jessie Iles in her blue hat.
Bear playing seven-up.
Taylor in the Senior class.
Bookie without Deeder.
Ora Maxwell in Economics.
Bates in class-room.
Good looking sober.

Book Review

It has not been the custom of the writer to indulge in any than first class literature. However, during holiday vacation, and amid the mirthfulness, cheerfulness and pleasantry that always characterize such periods of recreation, he made his second digression from the above named rule; and it is a review of this incidental observation that he wishes to bring before you in this paper. From the foregoing it is not to be inferred that the work was coarse, vulgar, unrefining and calculated to degenerate its readers, but only another phase of the subject put in such a manner as to more clearly bring to light the same things other works of literature attempt to treat but leave among the clouds of obscurity. In reviewing the topics about to be considered, it is presupposed that deviation from the usual method of a book review will in no way infringe the rights justly belonging to intelligent readers nor will it irrevocably depreciate the royal dignity that becomes this college and all similar colleges to observe. However, in this production, if subject in general, or perchance some premature conception, or some wandering thought or some incidental expression should grate on the gravity of any reader, or tread on the circumference of his selfish domicile, let it not be construed into sulphurous anathemas. The work before us is a brief one; the biography and name of the author, for the sake of modesty and other reasons not necessary herein to state, will be withheld. The subject to state it laconically, is an exposition of business life, gathered from general observation and individual, practical experience. It may also be considered biographical in its nature. The subject of this sketch is supposed to have spent his youthful days as most boys; and after passing that period when hot iron, wasp nests and such thermal attractions enliven boyhood, he was sent to country school, where he manifested unusual native ability and qualities of originality, thus recommending him for a college course, which he completed, graduating twelfth in a class of a dozen. While in college he occasionally indulges in such merriment as made the earth seem to

change its axis and revolve with bewildering velocity, until he prostrated himself over some object and rested peacefully in the bosom of Bacchus. He became so dissipated while in college, that he was unconditionally suspended, and on returning home his father received him with such a hearty welcome that for several days he felt as if hornets inhabited the locality adjacent to his hip pocket.

His parents die, leaving him a poor, and penniless boy, cast out on the world's frigid mercy to seek his own livelihood and mould his character to his own inclination. With a mule, he goes to the Mississippi, where he trades it for a bale of cotton, then he goes to Orleans and sells out for $20.00. Here he drifts almost unconsciously into scenes where parties caress one another with beer bottles and explore their bodies with bowie knives, until he, though innocent, is arrested for horse stealing, a crime, the penalty of which he evades by the interposition of one of the fairer sex, whom he marries, and begins the practice of law. His wife dies and he continues in the legal profession, until he exposes the method by which a village prohibitory law was violated, when he receives notice to leave or be hanged by his body until dead and thinking that his body was all that kept the ends together, he concluded to extricate himself by heeding the command. He now becomes involved in a financial scheme by which the government was defrauded and to be in safety he joins a frontier colony, is a candidate for county judge against a preacher and an honest book agent, he receives one vote and that his own ballot. In this he exposes in a lively manner the fraud and deception practiced by politicians, also, intersperses a few notes worthy our attention. The following will serve to illustrate: Reveal your mind to none, through silence much is won. Belittle no one, the biggest dog has been a pup. It requires more than a nod to get a bow from the world. The man who struts under a plug hat and beside a walking stick when he is not lame in body gives evidence that he is lame in the head. If our sins were printed on our foreheads, broad rimmed hats would be more fashionable. The man who has an eye on others may need two on himself.

While traveling from one village to another he was interrupted by a coarse old fellow who was in quest of a first class school teacher, and feeling that such an occupation would perfectly harmonize with his general make up, he assured the old gentleman with longitudinal vocability that he could create a revolution in stupidity and that under his refulgence a dunce would glitter with intellectual splendor. Accordingly he was hired, but found the school in advance of him and to obviate this embar-

rassment he directed all the classes to the elementary principles, so that he might advance and be able for any emergency. How often this scheme is employed! Soon a disturbance arose and he was compelled to seek another avenue of business. He next becomes a clerk in a dry goods store, and marries the proprietor's daughter. At first the other clerks scrutinize him with irritating coldness, and shun him as they would a contagion, until he conforms to their manner of dress, namely two legged lumps of vanity, adorned with fungous mustache and fragrant with barber influence. He entered so fully into the confidence of his father-in-law that he was made his private secretary; soon his wife's brother enters and drives him to other regions, he becomes reconciled, returns and through the persuasions of his father-in-law enters the political arena and receives the following request from prominent politicians of his district. We the custodians of the glorious fabric of universal freedom actuated by an ardent solicitude for suffering humanity, and conscious of the transcending penetration of your mentality, piously request that you become a candidate for the legislature, that we may colonize the fertile province of mutuality and that political quacks may soon bewail along sinuosity's sinuous trail. Hoping in you to wield our sceptre and our shield, we pensively subscribe ourselves Q. Riosity, U. R. Left, Ed. U. Cate, N. Dow, O. Pshaw, K. Price, Dick Tator, N. O. Good, B. Ware, D. Camp, U. Know, A. N. Tagonism. He then enters the campaign and in a series of speeches, too long here to describe, plainly discloses the treachery practiced by candidates for office.

He is successful, and enters that queer body of imbeciles, mediocres and geniuses concentrated there by varied and opposing interests, to weave their mental cobwebs around human action and spin a few threads for the weak to build the strong. Assuming the importance of a country postmaster, he presents his credentials to a fellow with a lead pencil above each auricle, and upon their acceptance he forms an acquaintance with the ringleaders, through whose influence he was dragged into a state of intemperance, and became such a prominent legislator (in your mind) and so neglectful of his own home that his wife received a divorce, on account of which he becomes discouraged, reforms and seeks another locality. He falls in company with a crazy engineer who had been commissioned to take four empty coaches filled with dudes, to the Pacific coast. The following will serve to show the rapidity of transportation. .

One dude blew out of the window before they had gone a train's

length, he landed on a drummer's nose who thought a cinder had hit him; the others soon blew out and farmers thought a shower of grasshoppers was passing by; mountains looked like hills, cities seemed as pigeon houses. Friction wore the hair off the fireman's head, trains ahead were blown off the track by pressure, and drawed on again by the draft behind, and lightning that struck at the headlight hit a cow 50 miles behind. When he reached his destination in 1861, two fellows, named Abe and Jeff were standing each other off, and having some trouble relative to the coon family; both had friends and were stirring considerable; their factions were getting behind muskets and squinting at each other along gun barrels; the prevailing industry was pulling triggers, shooting niggers and digging holes, and the general desire was to hurt somebody. Brave men were going to the front, and others were going — to stay at home. Accordingly the hero of this subject enlisted, was armed with a musket which fired by pushing or pulling the trigger according to the end he held when killing people. He served faithfully for about three years, when one day, firing fires promiscuously he unfortunately fired one of the blue officers and he himself was fired. Making safe his retreat, in a distant village he hires as a drayman, and on account of the death of his boarding house mistress he was compelled to break bread at a first class restaurant, where the bill of fare was in part as follows, which I give to show the intelligibility of a bill of fare to the average citizen:

Fish. Cross eyed Herring, Club footed frogs, Drowned lizzards, Blind Bass, Stump tail suckers, Bloated minnows, and cat fish smothered in muddy water.

Cold Dishes. Cold crow, cold cabbage, cold shoulder, cold corn, iced cake, Fried ice, Boiled ice, Raw ice, Ice chromos, Ice cutlets, Ice Icicles and Ice.

Vegetables. Jimson weeds, stewed cactus, corncobs, Potato peels, Soft corn, Parched pumpkin, Baked toadstools, tight boot corns, and cobs with corn outside.

The following were the rules of the restaurant: Children in arms not admitted; it is bad enough to have armed men at the table. Every guest will have first class seat, provided he brings it with him. If steak is tough we will load it into a gun and shoot it into you.

Finally long years of vicissitudes sodded his cranium with silver locks, or in other words, his capillaceous pool soon whitened with the blossoms of his eternal home. He returns to his old home, all had changed,

time had rounded the squarest shoulders, and marred the loveliest features.

Of old companions none remained
To welcome one whom love constrained.
To view again through age's tears
The idols of his early years.

Yours Truly,
LET'ER GO GALLAGHER.

R.H. Wagner=

A Fair Astrologer

The night was dark, the moon was hid
  Beneath the stormy cloud,
And not a single star appeared
  From out yon inky shroud.

No light was seen, no sound was heard,
  Within that gloomy wall,
Save an unhappy maiden's sighs,
  A maiden's broken call.

From out the casement's dizzy height,
  A voice both sweet and clear
Startled the stillness of the night,
  Brightening the midnight drear.

"Ye stars! why give not forth your light?
  Eight nights I've counted nine,
And if ye fail me not to-night,
  Who *Wise* ly clasps my hand is mine."

Slowly nine stars came into view,
  And the silver moon serene
Shone with a calm and tender light,
  On the face of Josephine.

Ohio's Record

I speak to an illustrous company of people, for I take it for granted that the most of us are natural born citizens of the State of Ohio, and Secretary Hay says: "To be born in Ohio is to be born great."

How unfortunate that so many of us lost that quality of greatness when we left mother's arms, and have not been permitted to live as we were born.

But, while perhaps we have not lived up to our opportunities, is it not some consolation to know that there are those of our number who have lived and died with increased greatness, and live once more in the hearts of the people of their state and their nation, and that the world is better and nobler because of their lives?

If any of you are not yet convinced that Ohio is the best of our union of republics, listen to one who is. We would not detract one iota from the worth of our sister states. They are all great. But Ohio stands paramount. To prove this is an easy task. He who runs may read on the pages of national history the part played by our commonwealth, but I fear that he would not read it in the few minutes alloted to me. To show that the "Buckeye State" is great, and why, we must take a rapid survey of her past history.

Have you ever noticed the position which she holds in relation to the other states of the Union. Were you to make a visit from the populous districts of the Eastern States to a point in the West, you would search a long time before you would find an engineer who would consent to guide his fiery steed around Ohio's bounds. Ohio is the connecting link between the East and the West, the North and the South, she lies at the cross-roads of the nation.

Only a century and a half ago, little more than a long lifetime, this same state was a bone of contention between the mighty powers of Europe. England and France both saw the importance of gaining a foothold in the Ohio valley. England maintained her supremacy in the wilderness of America because she held fast to this key of the American situation.

France's loss in this conflict meant the loss to her of a future in America, the loss of all the hope that she had built on the discovery of La Salle.

But this was not the beginning of strife in this region. Before the advance guard of civilization had set foot beyond the Alleghenies, the blood of the red man had stained the soil from Lake Erie to the beautiful river on our south. Ohio was the common fighting ground of the Indians and the principle of contention with them as with their white visitors later, was,

"That they may take who have the power,
And they may keep who can."

Then came the period in which the Indians united in common cause against intruders. The tomahawk and war whoop were the terrors of the early settlers of our state. Many stories of torture and massacre on both sides might be told. We might recount the heroic deeds of men like Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton.

In the end, at the point of the bayonet, our red-skinned brethren were compelled to leave their happy hunting grounds.

As you remember, in May, 1788, a second Mayflower made a landing at Marietta. In quick succession new towns sprang up. Those hardy pioneers had come for the purpose of making homes for themselves. No weaklings were among the lot, only those who were not afraid to brave the ravages of Indians and wild beasts. Fighting was a part of every man's occupation. As the wife bade her husband good-bye in the morning, she knew not but that he would be the victim of a scalp hunter before night. No mother's love could shield the babe on her bosom from these indiscriminate foes. The husband, on returning home from some expedition, was relieved to find that he had a family and a dwelling left. Ohio was started on the road to greatness by such people as these. That men may be strong they must live through trying times. Great men were a natural result of the hard conditions which prevailed, and if men today possess that quality, it is partly because of what they have inherited from their illustrious ancestors.

But hardship alone will not make men, and truly there was an element of pleasure here. The homes of a country are a true index to the character of its people. In these early days, large families were the rule and many happy times were experienced. Around the fireplace in the long winter evenings were illustrated many scenes similar to the one described by Whittier in his "Snow Bound." Corn huskings, apple peelings, parties, dances were a part of their social life. Camp meetings

were a great instrument in the early development of the country. The circuit rider had his place in the community. Formalities were few and far between. The little one-roomed log house afforded no place for a parlor, and the young man was obliged to court his sweetheart and the whole family besides. Their lives were simple, yet beautiful. Divorces were uncommon. More domestic felicity existed then than now, I fear. They had their vices, of course, but it seems to me that there were not so many wrecked lives. No wonder that our grandfathers sigh for the "good old times." Few store boxes were in use then. Men had no time to be idle, and idleness is the greatest curse of man. Unselfishness is a characteristic of the great and that spirit was developed here, for every man had the interests of his community at heart as well as his own interests. They were sympathetic. They shared each other's pains and pleasures. Again, love of gain did not actuate men as did the love of home and the comforts of life.

We might go on, indefinitely, enumerating the virtues of these simple people, and how we would like to give a few beautiful little stories in the early history of Ohio. Of course you know of Johnny Appleseed, that meek and lowly wanderer. Perhaps your thoughts turn to General Wayne, the Mad Anthony of the Revolution, and his great Indian victory. Then, there comes the sad story of Aaron Burr, the man who came within one vote of being president of the United States, and Blennerhasset, the simple-hearted Irishman, living a contented life. It was only another serpent that entered another Paradise. You may be thinking of Perry on Lake Erie, who put the British to flight and helped to save the nation. But these are only disconnected events.

It was necessary that a way be provided by which the different elements then existing might be organized into one compact whole. Daniel Webster said, "I doubt whether one law given by any lawgiver, ancient or modern, has produced effects of such distinct, marked and lasting character as the ordinance of 1787." That was the beginning of our government, and its cornerstone is this one clause that "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." This same clause was incorporated in our constitution by the convention which met at Chillicothe in 1802.

Since that time, Ohio has been making one grand march. This has been effected partly through the efforts of her own sons, and partly through the efforts of those who have chosen this as their home. For

Ohio is a cosmopolitan state. Every nation under the shining sun is represented within her borders. Of the great tide of immigration which has come to our shores yearly, the lazy, shiftless class has dropped behind intimidated by the protruding tops of the Applachian, while the worthless, roving class, urged on by a love of adventures, has passed beyond our confines, only satisfied when the towering Rockies have been topped. To such we have held up no enticements, and, as a result, only those are living among us who are willing to work and satisfied with the product of their labor.

The fact that we had a college before we existed as a state is significant in searching for the cause of our greatness. Ohio University, at Athens, was founded in 1802 previous to our state's admission. To-day, we have forty-one colleges, a greater number than any state of the Union can boast, and the small college of Ohio gives to its students a culture which is not found in the larger university. Hiram, Kenyon and Miami universities deserve particular mention as having produced three of the nation's chief executives.

When we take into consideration these many qualities which make for greatness, we explain in part the reason why Ohio has produced leaders for war and peace in every department of human life, generals and statesmen, scientists and artists, preachers and teachers, lawyers and jurists, farmers and business men. In the agricultural, commercial and business worlds, we hold our own with the best states of the nation. As early as 1825, LaFayette called Ohio "the eighth wonder of the world" on account of her commercial prosperity and industrial activity. In population we have increased a hundred fold in a hundred years. To-day we are not only managing our own affairs, but practically controlling the affairs of the nation. The history of Ohio and her men is in part the later history of the nation.

There have been many critical periods in our country's history and the powers which have tided us through these crises have been the makers of what is good in American institutions. The period from '61 to '65 was one of those times which "tried men's souls." Then the importance of Ohio was felt. Try to think of a Union cause and blot from its army the names of Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, McClellan, Rosecrans, Buell, McDowell, McPherson, Garfield, Hayes, Custer, Mitchell, Schenck, Stedman, Gilmore and McCook. This is simply a roll call of the greatest generals in blue. Compare these with all the rest of the Union generals. In the words of Jefferson, I tremble for my country when I think what

might have happened to the cause of union and freedom had Ohio not been a factor. But let us go further. At the head of the finance committee in our Lower House of Congress was John Sherman. Try to write a history of the nation and omit the name of this stalwart champion of Ohio. Wade, an Ohio man, was chairman of the senate committee on the conduct of war. Stanton was our great war secretary, and Chase held the nation's purse. But in order that men may be stirred to action, their feelings must be aroused. This was the mission of Harriet Beecher Stowe. The ink, which flowed from her pen in behalf of the enslaved negro, was but the precursor of streams of blood which flowed from the bayonets of blue-coated soldiers. It was while living in Ohio, that this benefactress of the human race conceived the idea of writing her famous book. The greatest preacher of the day owed something to the fact that he came from an Ohio theological seminary. Thus from press and pulpit, in the political arena, and on the bloody field of battle, Ohio's banner waved at the front.

Call the roll of presidents since that time and you will find that every man elected president, except one, came from the Buckeye state. Someone has said, "Ohio grows presidents as readily as she grows wheat." One of the most striking figures of modern times was that of the Ohio man who held the nation's scepter during our late embroglio with Spain.

They have tried to ruin us by the assassination of two of our mighty men, but in their stead others have sprung up from the same soil. McKinley and Garfield still live in the hearts of the people, though their bodies lie entombed.

Ohio might as fittingly be styled "mother of states" as "mother of presidents," for she has sent out more of her native born children for the building up of other communities than any other state except New York, and, population considered, she ranks ahead of the Empire State in this respect.

In our national assembly to-day, the Buckeye state ranks second to none. She is the mother of eighteen out of her twenty-one representatives and fourteen from other states. In the Senate, Hanna and Foraker are her sons, while Beveridge and Fairbanks, of Indiana, Scott and Elkins, of West Virginia, Allison, of Iowa, and Alger, of Michigan, were reared as Buckeye boys.

John Hay holds the chief position in the president's cabinet, the successor of two other Ohio men, Sherman and Day. Judge Taft is about to succeed to the position of chief justice, making the third man

that Ohio has sent to fill the first place on the supreme bench.

Stepping aside from the political field we claim as our kinsmen, William Dean Howells, the leading writer of fiction in America; and Thomas Edison, the greatest genius in the line of invention. Time alone limits the enumeration of other Ohio giants of national fame.

We need go no further to prove Ohio's position among the states of the Union. We are justly proud of her record and those states who sneer when we hold that Ohio stands paramount, we challenge to show an equal record.

We have only named a partial list of Ohio's jewels, and these stand out as the greatest of the nation. There still remain hundreds more who would rank well when measured by the standard of greatness in many of our sister states.

A century has passed since we became a part of the Union and our grand march still continues. We have led the nation in the past, we are leading the nation to-day, we will lead the nation in the future. As long as Ohio raises boys, she will train them to greatness. As long as the nation stands, she will be compelled to trust Ohio men at the helm of her ship of state.

Otterbein and Oratory

After a number of years in which there were no oratorical contests in Otterbein, on November 1st, 1895, the Ohio State Oratorical Association was formed in Columbus by the colleges, Antioch, Baldwin, Miami, Heidleberg and Otterbein. Our local association was organized a few weeks later with J. E. Eshbach president, W. E. Crites vice president, Myrtle Ervin secretary, and Leonore Good treasurer. A local contest has been held each year since, the winner representing the college in the State contest. The men who have thus represented Otterbein in these eight years are C. R. Frankum, R. J. Head, R. J. Head, J. H. Caulker, U. M. Roby, W. K. Coons and E. E. Burtner. The State Association has met here twice since its organization, first in 1898 and again in 1902. On these occasions the feasts of oratory followed by the brilliant banquets were among the leading events of the year.

The importance of oratorical work cannot be overestimated. It is important to those taking part because of the drill which can be obtained in no other way than this. The object of a college course is to produce men and women having all their faculties developed. The faculties of graceful and forceful speaking and writing can only be developed by their exercise and this can be obtained nowhere better than in a friendly, healthful contest in oratory. Contests of the mind and voice have at all times attracted the widest attention. These battles on the platform are the most important, keenest, and far-reaching of any waged in any form. Demosthenes and Aeschines won the world's everlasting honors in oratory. Walpole and Pit, Webster and Hayne, Blaine and Conklin and Henry Grady, the most eloquent men who ever spoke before any audience on American soil, all won their first honors and fame in oratorical contests.

Of course only one can win in such events but they are beneficial to all for two reasons, first, because the same drill and experience, which after all are more important than mere winning, are obtained by each and in the second place, in the contest of life it is often quite as important to know how to take defeat gracefully as it is to take victory modestly.

In view of the personal benefits to be derived as well as for the honor of Otterbein a large number of students should put forth such honest efforts in this kind of work as will win laurels for themselves and put our college in the front rank in oratory.

John Milton As a Politician

CHARLES SNAVELY.

Milton is seldom thought of as a political character. His life was devoted mainly to poetic literature. But like other men of genius, he was awake to the interests of his country and his countrymen. His patriotism and his love of English Liberty induced him to abandon for a time the peaceful pursuits of poetry, and to espouse the cause of the people against the encroachments of the Stuarts. The period of Milton's activity extended from 1608 to 1674 A. D. His father was a scrivener by occupation. He was a man of liberal culture, and attained some distinction in the musical circles of London at that time, by his occasional contribution to important musical publications. (The musical education of the poet was directed by the father.) Milton often spoke with gratitude and affection of the ungrudging pains bestowed by his father on his education. At the age of sixteen Milton entered Christ's College in Cambridge. As the college was conducted on the old classic basis we may conclude that Milton was well drilled in Greek and Latin Classics, scholastic logic and philosophy. He graduated when twenty-four. He expressed himself as having no admiration for the system, yet he took pleasure in having it known that he had gone through all the work required, and that he had done it with exceptional applause.

While in college he was nick-named the lady, partly because of the peculiar grace of his personal appearance, and partly because of what his fellow students considered unusual prudishness, and the haughty fastidiousness of his tastes and morals.

For a time Milton was unpopular among both students and professors, because of his independent demeanor, a quality of mind which he did not abandon on reaching manhood, but before he left college he had won the respect of all. He had won not only respect, but also distinction by the great number of poems he had already written.

When he left college he was unsettled as to the course he would pursue in life. When he entered college it was with the expectation of

becoming a clergyman. This idea he abandoned, because "tyranny had invaded the church," and finding that he could not honestly subscribe to the oaths and obligations required, he thought it better "to preserve a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, begun with servitude and forswearing." In other words, he was disgusted with the high system of prelacy which Laud, who had been bishop of London and minister paramount in ecclesiastical matters since 1828, was establishing in the Church of England.

After abandoning the thought of entering the ministry, his thoughts turned toward the law; but from this profession too, he recoiled. He decided that the only life for him was one of leisurely independence, dedicated entirely to scholarship and literature. For six years after he left college Milton lived in perfect leisure in a pleasant rural retirement at the distance of an easy walk from Windsor, and a short distance from London. Here he went through a systematic course of reading in Greek and Latin Classics, varied by Mathematics, Music and Cosmography.

A foreign tour had long been his passionate desire. In the spring of 1638 he started on a journey to the Continent. He visited France, and Italy, expected to see Greece, but affairs at home cut his journey short. The last great news in England at the time of Milton's departure, was that of the Scottish National Covenant, or solemn oath and band of all ranks and classes of the Scottish people to stand by each other to death in resisting the ecclesiastical innovations which Laud and Charles had been forcing upon Scotland. While Milton was in Italy he says the "news of war in England called me back; for I considered it base that while my fellow countrymen were fighting for liberty at home I should be traveling abroad for intellectual culture."

During Milton's stay in Italy he was in some danger of being taken care of by the papal police, because the old time tendency of freely expressing his views on religion came back to him, if indeed it had ever departed from him. But this threat caused him to change his demeanor in no particular.

The struggle between Charles and the reformers was now on in earnest. Milton turned his pen to the support of the reform. He wrote several pamphlets, the first of which was entitled: "Of Reformation touching Church Discipline in England and the Causes which have hitherto hindered it." It consisted of a review of Ecclesiastical History, with an appeal to his countrymen to resume that course of Reformation which he considered to have prematurely stopped in the preceding century,

and to sweep away the last relics of prelacy and papacy. This of all the root-and-branch pamphlets of the time is said to have stood out as the most thorough going and tremendous. This pamphlet was followed by four others, the most important of which is entitled "The Reason of Church Government." In this treatise he explains his attitude toward the cause. He said poetry was his real vocation; it was with reluctance that he had resolved to leave a calm and pleasing solitariness to embark on a troubled sea of noise and hoarse disputes. But duty had left him no option. The great poems he had meditated could wait; and meanwhile, though in prose polemics he had the use only of his "left hand" that hand should be used with all its might in the cause of his country and of liberty.

Milton's life during the opening months of the war seems to have been a rather quiet and uneventful one. He remained at home and bestowed his attention upon his nephews and other pupils.

In the summer of 1643 an event occurred not so unusual in itself, but which led to the publication of a tract which created quite a stir in political and ecclesiastical circles. In the month of May of that year, Milton started off on a journey, without informing any one as to where he was going, or as to what was his purpose; but when he came back he was yoked with a Royalist. Milton seemed to think the way to restore harmony in England was to unite the Puritan and Royalist parties. Whatever may have been the motive which led Milton to marry a daughter of a strong Royalist, the event itself proved rather unfortunate. The bride is said to have been frivolous, unsuitable, and stupid. She almost immediately became dissatisfied, and in less than a month after their marriage went back to her father's home on a two years' visit. This rather protracted absence of the wife from the Milton home induced the husband to turn his own case into a public protest against the existing law and theory of marriage. He wrote a bold and vigorous pamphlet entitled, "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce Restored to the Good of both Sexes." In this tract he declared the notion of a sacramental sanctity in the marriage relation to be a clerically invented superstition; and argued that inherent incompatibility of character, or contrariety of mind between two married persons is a perfectly just reason for divorce.

The attitude of the man on this question shows his independent spirit, and characteristic boldness. The fearlessness of the tract sent a thrill throughout London. It was a time when the author of heresies of this or of any other sort ran a great risk.

The famous Westminster Assembly of Divines was called together

by the Long Parliament; the Scotts, in consenting to send an army into England to assist the Parliament in their war against the king, had proposed as one of the conditions that the two nations should endeavor, after a uniformity of religion and ecclesiatical discipline, to extirpate all heresy, schism, and profaneness, as well as popery and prelacy. This rendered Milton's condition rather perilous. But he seemed to court trouble. His first divorce tract he had issued anonymously, but that there might be no obstacle in the way of his prosecution he issued a second and enlarged edition in his own name and dedicated it to Parliament and the Westminster Assembly of Divines.

He then prepared a tract devoted to reform in the educational system. But seeming to enjoy the bad odor he had stirred up on the divorce question he came out again in a pamphlet entitled the "Judgment of Martin Bucer Concerning Divorce."

Popular indignation against Milton reached its height after the appearance of this tract. He was attacked in pamphlets; sermons were preached against him from pulpits throughout London, and more than once he was denounced in sermons delivered before Parliament by prominent divines of the Westminster Assembly. An attempt was made through the combined efforts of the Assembly and the Stationer's Company of London to bring Milton to the stern demands of the law. According to the "Printing Ordinance" of 1643, all publications must be licensed for the press by one of the official censors, and registry was to be made with the Stationer's Company.

It was alleged that Milton's tracts were not only immoral, but had been put forward in an illegal manner. This called forth Milton's famous Areopagitica, an address to Parliament for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing. Without having himself had any direct share in the religious changes, Milton advocated the rights of the human spirit in its individual character. He attacked the censorship of the press which the Presbyterians most strictly exercised. Says Rank: "His pamphlet on this subject must be considered as one of the most eloquent and powerful of all pleas on the liberty of the press. The natural claim of the truth-seeking spirit to unchecked utterance is fully recognized in it. Milton is all the more urgent on the subject because he sees his own people inspired with an energy which presses forward in all directions and is striking out new paths.

Speaking of this inspiring energy Milton says: "She sees the light, waking up from sleep she shakes her locks, filled with the strength of

Samson. And this is the moment when men would oppress her with old restrictions and invoke against her the powers of the state, as if it were possible in great convulsions to escape a confused variety of new opinions — as though it were not the worst of all opinions to refuse to hear anything but what is pleasing. And they dare to denounce as heretics men, who, for their lives and faith, for their learning and pure intent, merit the very highest esteem." Milton was desirous that the people should think for themselves as well as tax themselves, and should be emancipated from the dominion of prejudice as well as from that of Charles. In this famous address Milton eulogized Parliament for their attitude in other respects, but denounced their Printing Ordinance as entirely out of harmony with the reform measures which they had instituted, and as unworthy of the new era of English Liberty which they were fostering, and urged an immediate repeal. Though that effect did not follow, the pamphlet virtually accomplished its purpose. Milton's offense against the Press Ordinance was condoned. But it was not his intellectual superiority which brought about an abandonment of the charges of heresy and illegal procedure preferred against him. There was a change in the national opinion on matters pertaining to the church which operated in his favor. The Puritans were split into two factions. The Presbyterians insisted that the whole English population should belong to the Presbyterian church, be compelled to attend its services and be subjected to its discipline; while the Independents demanded that if the Presbyterian church was to be set up as the national church there be at least privilege of dissent from it, and toleration for other forms and sects. The Parliamentary army itself became a hot bed of sects. Now as the Puritans saw their existence and the perpetuity of their tenets threatened by that system of uniformity which the Presbyterians proposed to establish they all abjured Presbyterianism and advocated Independency and toleration. It was through the influence of Cromwell and the advocates of the principle of toleration that Milton was rescued from prosecution by his Presbyterian enemies. His divorce episode, too, was brought to a conclusion by a reconciliation between him and his wife. After the close of the war and the establishment of the Commonwealth under Cromwell Milton was made Latin Secretary. This office he held until the time of the Restoration.

In 1652 Milton became totally blind, but with the help of secretaries and assistants he continued to do the work of his office. How Milton escaped the scaffold after the Restoration has always been a mystery. He

was named among the culprits for special punishment. The Commons had ordered the sergeant-at-arms to take him into custody. His pamphlets were ordered burned, and the order was carried out. In 1660 an Indemnity Bill was passed granting pardon to all except about a hundred persons who were condemned to punishment. Milton's name did not appear on the list. No one seems to know why. With the exception ot the preparation of one pamphlet Milton's political life ended with the Restoration. The subject of this last pamphlet was, "Of True Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration and What Blest Means may be used against the Growth of Popery." The remainder of Milton's life was devoted to his favorite vocation, Literature.

His pamphlets are denounced by some of his critics as scurrilous and unworthy of the ability of such a genius. One of his critics says: "Many of Milton's pamphlets are certainly party pleadings, choleric, one-sided and personal." But through them all runs the one redeeming characteristic that they are all written on the side of liberty. He defended religious liberty against the prelates; civil liberty against the crown; the liberty of the press against the executive; liberty of conscience against the Presbyterians; and domestic liberty against the tyranny of canon law.

Macaulay eloquently sums up the virtues of Milton in Vol. 5 of his Essays: "Nor, we are convinced, will the severest of our readers blame us if, on an occasion like the present we turn for a short time from the topics of the day to commemorate in all love and reverence, the genius and virtues of John Milton, the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English Literature, the champion and the martyr of English Liberty.

[The author of this article makes no claim to originality, the paper is rather a compilation of opinions.]

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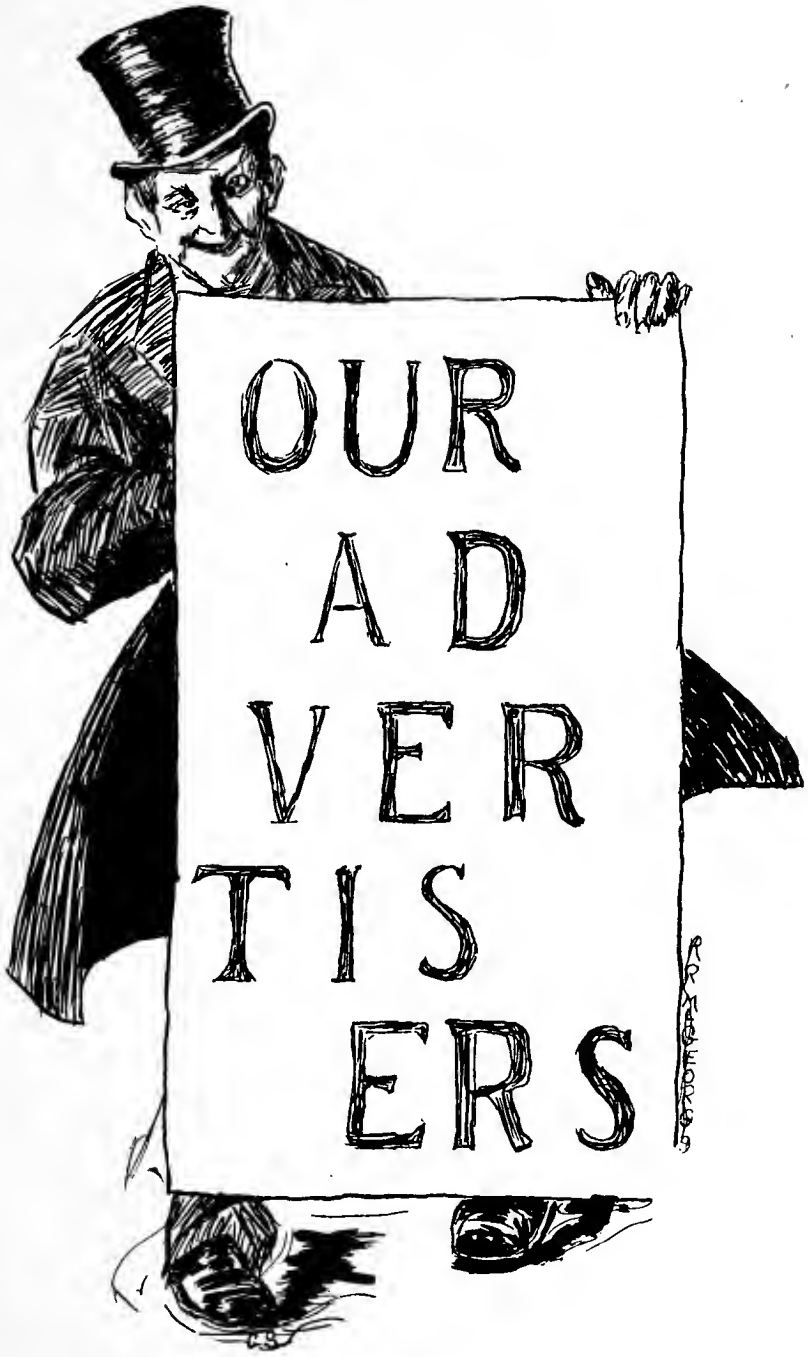
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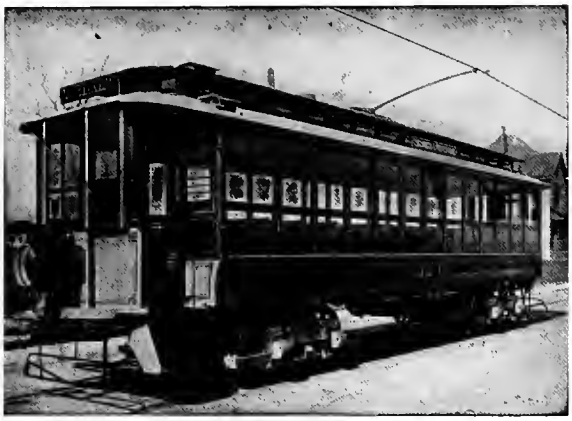

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Calendar

September 10—School opened.

September 13—Opening reception. Miss Smith goes up to Mr. Bear, whom she has just met, thinking it to be Mr. Zehring, "Can't you find me a point?"

September 21—Mr. Bear calls upon Georgia.

September 30—"Jo" instructs some of the girls in etiquette.

October

1. Louis calls on Mabel.
2. Annual board has some trouble.
3. Wafers and pickles were ordered from Markley's in large quantities.
14. Meeting in President Scott's room.
15. Some Seniors, Sophomores and Preps. do not recite for this day.

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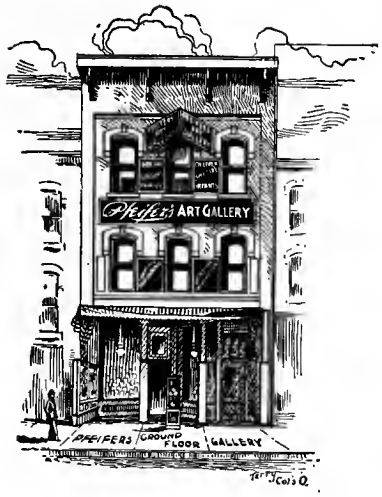

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18. Otterbein was defeated at football.
20. Bushong missed his meals.
25. O. U. defeated in football.
31. Brubaker tells us about the pictures in chapel.

November

1. Ira Flick starts a beard.
2. Prof. Miller contemplates shaving.
7. Mary D. and Leo D. take Benny S. and Tommy H. to church (door).
8. Mr. Hawk's lecture. Football boys play Miama at Dayton. Girls to let at cut rates.
9. Brubaker calls at Dr. Scott's— to see Miss Wallace's clock.
12. "Buckeye's" attempt to join the choir unsuccessful.
17. Dr. Whitney gives health rules in chapel. Undertaker's business prospers.
20. Chandler lecture. Lawrence—Mauck (s) at the lecture. (This pun brought a serious illness upon the editor).

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(22)—Saturday—Sard has a new idea. "It's lonesome."

23. Meta invites Ikey to go walking.

26. Freshmen and Juniors beat the rest of the school in football game.

27. "Gakey" makes a short visit in Westerville,—Landis and Brubaker greatly rejoice.

30. Flick's beard still growing, ad infinitum.

December

4. Frank Shively takes supper at Resler's.

5. Shively announces basket ball game —"You can holler, for there are no signals."

8. Prof. McFadden introduces a new method of left-handed addition, in his chemistry class.

10. Nellis makes his regular Wednesday evening call on Mary, but tonight they have prearranged topics of conversations. Heated discussions on articles in

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Cosmopolitan,—"What Men Like in Women."

13. County Fair in Association building.

14. Louis makes his regular weekly call at the Barnes House. Dr. Sanders greatly pained.

15. Flashman walks with Miss Hendrickson. First offense.

16. First day of "finals" in Otterbein. Flag at half mast.

18. Pennsylvania people leave for home. "How can I bear to leave thee."

25. Christmas day. Prof. McFadden gets an adding machine from Santa.

January

6. Opening of winter term. Charley Snyder returns from a visit in Pennsylvania. Carl Helmstetter expresses himself as a suitor for Nell Saur.

7. Wanted—Carpenter. Sard & Co.

8. Van Cafe begins to have luncheon

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at twelve o'clock and dinner at five,—which was, as the grass which groweth up in a day and withereth.

20. Wise and Helmstetter take a plunge into Alum Creek from Old Bishop. Thermometer at zero.

12. Good spends the night in writing verses for the annual.

13. Sibyl editor examines the verses. Spends a sleepless night.

14. Sleighing good. Boys go broke.

16. Junior reading in an agricultural magazine, "Chemistry in a Pig Pen." "Well, that's the place for the darned stuff."

18. (Sunday) Flick trims his beard.

21. Carl and Chester find new football liniment for Swartzel.

23. Okey calls on Elsie. Van and Starkey already on the field. Okey retreats.

25. Kanaga takes Norah Thompson home from church.

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31. Kanaga takes Jessie Mumma.

February

2. Wise eats cotton dumpling.

4. Baked potatoes for supper at Van Cafe. Nihil-else.

7. Dr. Whitney reads another chapter to physiology class. Class goes to sleep.

10. Dr. S. "These men are up in the air."

14. Senior hoys send carnations to girls. Guy Taylor repudiates his share of expense.

15. Louis calls on Sard.

17. Prof. Zuck "catches on" his pet phrase.

19. "Bookie" investigates the coal mines.

21. Dr. Sanders takes a theater party to "Everyman."

23. Van Cafe have gorgeous meals. Breakfast—Force and fried potatoes. Din-

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ner—Fried potatoes and coffee. Supper—"Spruice-juice" and potatoes.

24. Inter-society debate. Many new points. Alice sick. Sard gives a good debate. Sorry Alice couldn't hear him.

26. Today is Thursday night. Girl's society. Tom visits Miss Francis.

March

1. Strolls to sugar camp begin. Many girls and boys are given taffy. Naughty things.

2. Wallie and Elsie try sugar camp walk.

3. Maude and Frankie's first appearance. "Cute, ain't they?"

4. Dr. Scott announces that Professor Charles Snavely is sick and his wife will not allow him out of doors. Great rejoicing—because lessons are off.

7. Flashman winks at Arletta.

8. Arletta sick in bed.

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10. Dr. Scott advertises a Greek pony, which was found.

11. Deller cuts class in Greek.

14. Inter-collegiate debate.

17. Galleries have a run on pictures. Many faces are taken. Chiefly Seniors.

19. Taylor attempts to say something funny. He should not forget his attempt in last year's annual.

20. Bushong makes another debut in society. Girls are heart broken.

26. Finals are over. No offense was meant by the Faculty, but no good was done. Some grades low on account of vacation trips.

April

2. Annual attempts to purchase a picture of Miss Sherrick. Could not find any. Our features can not be changed, so why not put them in the annual.

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3. Judy still sick. Miss Riebel's mind is far, far away.

4. Charley Snyder got his hair cut, his shoes shined, his clothes pressed and a new red necktie.

5. Charley comes out among the girls.

7. "Dad" Trimmer makes his appearance on the base ball field. "Dad" has a fine arm.

9. Louis goes walking, and whom do you think was with him?

11. Y. W. C. A. girls entertained the Y. M. C. A. boys. Easter hats were purchased by the boys. Ask Georgia how she likes the idea.

12. Rain and clouds all day. An annual show of hats.

14. Charley Snyder's letter never came. Charley looks blue.

18. Base ball game. Score, 7-3 in favor of Kenyon. Postlewaite's phenominal catch a feature of the game.

21. Annual goes to press.

24. Prof. Snavely broke a joke.

25. Carl says maybe it was only a rumor or a boarder. This is original, so Carl says. No disputing it.

30. Campus work very delightful.

May

8. Prof. Whitney goes to his farm. Doctor thinks farming is profitable. Not very profitable, however, for the college.

12. Bear and Georgia were actually seen walking.

15. Many visitors in town.

17. Something can be expected from the Junior class. Lay low, and don't say anything.

18. Run on smooth band rings.

21. Many are (to be) married. Taylor and ———. Riebel and Lambert. Judy and Riebel. Snyder and Grantham. [Harbough and McFadden]? ——— and Collins. Barnes and Lambert.

15. Nice evening. Many points study the stars.

21. Prof.——— "Oh, so soon."

24. Yothers addresses his invitations. Many presents expected.

29. Reunion of inmates of Barnes Annex. Some have strayed.

June

4. "Only a rumor or a boarder."

7. Seniors develop more friendship. "Domestic happiness, thou only bliss of Paradise that hast survived the Fall."

9. Many are happy. Taylor will soon graduate.

14. The Sibyl desires to express its utmost sympathy to Otterbein, on account of the loss of the present Senior class.

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